THE REPUBLICAN.

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JUDGE MAY SENTENCE DELIGE ON SATURDAY

Governor To Sign Death Warrant and Fix Time For Execution.

MAY HANG IN FEBRUARY

Disposition of Case May go Over Uutil Tener Takes Charge as Governor—Delige Thanks Court and Lawyers for Fair Treatment.

Although Judge Orvis has not fixed a definite time, it is not improbable that Bert Delige, the convicted murder of Mrs. John Baudis, will be called for sentence on Saturday morning, next. From what may be learned, council for Delige will not press for a new trial, feeling that they have done all within their power in his behalf.

Once Delige is sentenced his case is turned over to the Governor. Governor Stuart's term expires early in January and it is entirely probable that he will allow the case to go over for his successor, Mr Tener, to dispose of. In this event the execution of Delige may not take place until some time in February.

Delige desires to express through the columns of "The Republican" his appreciation of the efforts Judge Orvis and his counsel to afford him a fair and impartial trial. To "The Republican" Delige yesterday said:

"I want to thank the Judge, Mr Orvis, and also the jury and the lawyers, for the fair trial I received. I wish to thank my lawyers, Mr. Chambers and Mr. Zerby, for what they did for me. Mr. Runkle and Mr. Spangler accorded me very considerate treatment during the trial, all of which I greatly appreciate. I am grateful for the kind things Mr. Runkle said about my parents. I also want to thank Sheriff Hurley and Deputy Sheriff Rees for their kind treatment while I have been in jail.

"There isn't very much a man in my situation can say that I want the public to feel and know that I am penitent and that I am entirely willing to atone for my sins. I am spending what I realize are my last days on earth trying to be near to my Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Delige spends the greater part of his time reading his Bible and on his knees in prayer.

The jury which disposed of Delige's case, was out a little over two hours and during that time took three ballots before reaching a verdict. George W. Rumberger, of Unionville, was chosen foreman immediately on retiring to the jury room. The jurors had supper and then proceeded to go over the evidence submitted by witnesses and also to examine Delige's clothing and shoes and the piece of fence railing showing blood stains.

On the first ballot the jury voted nine for murder in the first degree and three for second degree murder. There was some further discussion of points in evidence and then a second ballot was taken. This resulted eleven for first degree murder and but one for second degree. On the third ballot all twelve jurors voted for murder in the first degree. The jury thereupon notified a Court officer that they had agreed upon a verdict. Judge Orvis was immediately notified, as were also the several lawyers comprising counsel on both sides of the case. Sheriff Hurley was notified to bring Delige from the jail to the Court room. Everything was in readiness when the Court House bell was tolled, a few minutes before 9 o'clock, announcing that a verdict had been reached.

Despite the heavy snow storm which had been in progress during the evening, the streets in the vicinity were filled with men and women eager to learn the jury's verdict. With the first tolling of the bell there was a wild rush for the Court House and in a moment or two the large room and aisles were crowded. When Delige was brought into the Court room to hear his fate his face showed the effects of the tremendous strain under which he had been passing. His hands twitched as the crowd surged forward, it appearing to those nearest to him that he seemed to be fearing some outbreak against him more than a verdict of guilty. There was no demonstration when the doom of the negro was announced. Counsel for Delige filed a motion for a new trial and the prisoner, guarded by Sheriff Hurley, Deputy Sheriff Rees and Policemen Dukeman and Justice, was at once returned safely to his steel cell in the jail.

Once in his cell Delige rested more comfortably than during any other time that week. He was glad the trial was

(Continued on eighth page)

DR. GILLILAND TO QUIT AS STATE VETERINARIAN

Former Centre County Boy Plans Giving Up High Position.

PREFERS A LABORATORY

Friends Hear That He Proposes Devoting Entire Time in Future to His Well Known Vaccine Laboratory, in Lancaster County.

A report that Dr. Samuel H. Gilliland, a Centre County boy, has resigned his position as State Veterinarian was received here yesterday and occasioned considerable surprise among his friends. It is understood that he decided to retire from the position to which he was appointed by Governor Stuart in order to devote his entire time to his vaccine laboratory, in Lancaster County.

Dr. Gilliland was chosen State Veterinarian to succeed the late Dr. Leonard Pearson, who died rather suddenly at his home, in Philadelphia. Governor Stuart, in making the appointment, said that he had selected Dr. Gilliland strictly on merit.

It is thought by the friends of Dr. Gilliland that he preferred laboratory work rather than almost continuous traveling over the State, as his present position requires.

For a time, some years ago, Dr. Gilliland resided in Bellefonte, attending the Bellefonte Academy.

MRS. G. D. JOHNSTON DEAD

Well Known Resident of Howard Passes Away on Saturday.

After an illness, during the last two weeks of which she was confined to her bed, Mrs. Martha M. Johnston, wife of George D. Johnston, and mother of Lawyer J. Kennedy Johnston, of this place, died on Saturday morning, last, at 4.15 o'clock at her late home, at Howard. She had been in failing health for four or five months, suffering from a general nervous breakdown. Funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon, at one o'clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Taylor, pastor of the Howard Methodist Episcopal church, of which church the deceased had been a member from the time she was a little girl. Interment was made at Curtin.

Mrs. Johnston was an exemplary, Christian woman and was held in high regard by a wide circle of friends. She was born January 29, 1843, and was a daughter of John and Mary Ann Hughes, of Howard. A sister, Mrs. Mary Ellen Leathers, died in March, last. Surviving to mourn her death are a husband and the following children: Mrs. C. D. Tanner, of Bellefonte; H. H. Johnston, of Fresno, California; J. Kennedy Johnston, of Bellefonte; Mrs. John Foresman, of Howard; Mrs. J. C. Brooks, of Watersville, Pa., and Lillie C., at home.

Caught on the Jury.

Some interesting incidents attended the selection of jurors in the Delige trial. The last five jurors chosen were taken from the audience in the Court room, the jury panel having been exhausted. George W. Rumberger, of Unionville, dropped into the Court room merely to hear a little of the trial. As he was about to enter the room a friend remarked that had better be careful or he would have to serve on the jury. "They'll never catch me", laughingly remarked Mr. Rumberger. He was the first man "caught," and became foreman of the jury. David W. Bradford, of Centre Hall, brought a cream separator to town, expecting to install it that day at the home of Mrs. A. O. Furst. The separator was delivered at the Furst home and Mr. Bradford dropped into the Court room to hear a word or two of the trial. To his dismay he was called and accepted as a juror. He tried to be excused but there was no way out of it and he had to serve. He telephoned out to Furst's that he would install the separator when the murder trial was over. Jonathan Packer, of Boggs township, was also called from the audience and was the eleventh juror accepted. Mr. Packer served on the Hopkins jury years ago, and on that occasion he was the twelfth juror to be accepted. There are numerous strange kinks in the reasons for accepting or rejecting a man for jury duty. Many persons examined in the Delige case were rejected because they had read accounts of the murder in the County papers. One man examined said that he had not read of it in any County paper. All that he had read of the crime was a few lines in a city newspaper. He was rejected.

Events Recalled By Quaint Old Papers

A short time ago we mentioned the fact that Miss Mary Hunter Linn had very kindly presented us with a volume of "The Republican," published in 1869, the year this newspaper was established. A casual ramble through the pages of the old and greatly prized volume was so interesting and instructive that we want to share some of the things found with our readers. "The Republican" of that day was edited by W. W. Brown and A. B. Hutchison and the subscription rate was $2 per year. Its columns teemed with items of local interest, well written and especially well edited.

A rather strange and interesting coincidence is brought to mind in comparing "The Republican" of forty-one years ago with the same newspaper of today. About one year ago the present management of the paper concluded to change the style of the title line on the first page. After some time devoted to examining numerous styles of type, we finally decided upon that now in use. One of the first things to attract our attention on examining the volume of the paper, as published in 1869, was the fact that the style of the title line was identical with that selected by the present management.

"The Republican" of 1869 was of but four pages, eight columns to the page, whereas "The Republican" of today is eight pages, with but six columns to the page. Virtually all of the newspapers of the olden days were much larger than those of the present period, and "The Republican" was no exception.

So far as we have been able to learn the subscriber of our present list who has taken "The Republican" during the longest period is the venerable E. S. Long, of Wingate, who, by the way, was a welcome caller at this office a day or two ago. Mr. Long has been taking "The Republican" continuously for upward of one-third of a century. It is with no little pride that we note the fact that his name appears on our list of regular readers at this time, for many of the old-time readers, for one cause or another during the numerous changes of management of "The Republican," drifted to one paper or another. A large portion of our present subscription list is made up of a later and younger generation.

To our older readers extracts from the volume of "The Republican" of 1869 will at least awaken memories of names and incidents, in some instances, at least, long since forgotten. To our younger readers they may come as entirely new.

A glance at the list of County officers of 1869 brings to mind men prominent in their day, many of whom have long since passed to their reward. In that year the President Judge of the County was Charles A. Mayer, while John Hosterman and William Allison were Associate Judges. James H. Lipton was then Prothonotary, while J. P. Gephart was Register & Recorder, the two offices at that time being filled by one person, whereas, now one person is elected to each office. D. Z. Kline was Sheriff, and D. Woodring, Deputy Sheriff. H. Y. Stitzer District Attorney and A. C. Geary was the County Treasurer. The County Commissioners were William Keller, William Furey and John Bing. Their clerk was John Moran.

Of all the officers for Bellefonte Borough of that period, not more than one or two are today living. One is F. Potts Green, the well known druggist. E. M. Blanchard was Chief Burgess and the Assistant Chief Burgess was Captain C. T. Fryberger. William Shortlidge was Chief of Police. He had as Assistant Police, William Felty, Amos Mullen and Charles Cook. The Town Council was composed of the following: William P. Wilson, president; S. M. Irwin, clerk; Robert Valentine, A. S. Valentine, James H. McClure, F. P. Green, John Irwin, Jr., Elias W. Hale, Jacob V. Thomas and George A. Bayard. James Green was High Constable, while James Furey was Borough Constable. The School Board was composed of the following: John Hoffer, president; George B. Weaver, secretary; William McClelland, treasurer; S. T. Shugert, D. M. Butts and Daniel McGinley.

In a column giving church news of the day we find an announcement that the Presbyterian church happened to be without a pastor and while the new church was being erected the congregation held regular religious services in the Court House. Forty-one years later, it so happens, the same church is temporarily without a pastor. The pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1869 was Rev. H. C. Pardoe. The weekly Prayer meeting then was held on Tuesday nights, instead of on Wednesday, as at present. The pastor of St. John's Episcopal church was Rev. Byron McGann, while the Lutheran pastor was Rev. J. A. Hackenberger, Rev. T. McGovern was pastor of the Catholic Church. Rev. Isaac Pinwell was then pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Apparently the United Brethren Church was at that time without a pastor, no name at least being included in the Church announcement. The Reformed Church, also, was then without a pastor. The hours for services in the Methodist Episcopal, St. John's Episcopal and Lutheran churches were 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. In the Catholic church the hours were 10.30 and 3 p. m., while the hours of the Presbyterian and African Methodist Episcopal congregations were 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. The Methodist Episcopal and St. John's Episcopal Churches were located on High Street.

We are indebted to H. T. Hess, one of our valued subscribers at Boalsburg, for an especially interesting paper of 1872 and which happens to be a supplement to "The Republican," published June 12, of that year Mr. Hess, in advancing his subscription another year, very thoughtfully sent along the old paper in question. It contains a two column advertisement of Zimmerman Bros. & Co., who conducted a general store, handling dry goods and groceries. A glance at the supplement shows that the firm appreciated the value of advertising much better than do some of our present-day merchants.

PROF. HARRISON DEAD

Former Bellefonte School Teacher Dies at Jersey Shore.

Bellefonte friends of Professor John P. Harrison will learn with profound regret of his death, at Jersey Shore, on Tuesday afternoon, last, at 4 o'clock. He had been in poor health for some time. During the last six months he suffered a general decline, culminating in his death at the time stated. His body will be bought to Bellefonte on the 1.05 train, on Saturday afternoon, and taken to the Methodist Episcopal church, where funeral services will be held. Interment will be made in the Union cemetery.

Professor Harrison was aged about 51 years. For a time he was engaged as an instructor in the public schools in Bellefonte. About four years ago he removed to Jersey Shore. Surviving are a widow and one daughter, Laura F. Harrison, of Jersey Shore.

Joel H. Dickson Dead.

Joel H. Dickson, a Civil war veteran and father of Mrs. George Fiegal, of Philipsburg, died at his late home, in Tyrone, on Thursday of last week. Deceased was born in Mifflin County, March 26, 1829. Funeral services were held on Saturday, interment being made at Bigler.

Streams are Dry.

Farmers from over the County report that the streams are dry and that a heavy thaw, accompanied by rain, is needed. In order to supply their stock farmers find it necessary to haul water in barrels, in some instances many miles.

STUDENT QUARANTINED

Academy Boy Has Chicken Pox; Others Hurried Home on Vacation.

The only student at the Bellefonte Academy who is not in high glee this week is Frederick Elliott, of Pittsburg. Incidentally, he is the only student this week at the Academy. For company he has a fully developed case of chicken pox. A card on the main building announces that it is under quarantine. Hence the sudden departure of all the students but Elliott on Sunday, last. Elliott, too, wanted to go, but was ordered back to his room before he had time to board the afternoon train for Pittsburg.

As a result of the illness of Elliott there will be no school at the Academy until January 2. The only thing that prevented the students from greeting this announcement with cheers was the fact that it happened to be Sunday. A hasty packing of trunks and dress suit cases followed the bulletin that all studies were off for the time being and by Sunday night not a student, except Elliott, was left in the big building.

As it turns out, the suddenly declared vacation at the school merely sends the boys home ten days sooner than would have been the case had chicken pox not developed. The regular Christmas vacation was scheduled for December 21 to January 9. Now the plans call for the return of the boys on January 2. Elliott, it is supposed, became infected while at his home over Thanksgiving. In the 105 years of the Bellefonte Academy this is the first time it has been under quarantine.

DEATH FINALLY CALLS VENERABLE W. T. SPEER

Prominent Citizen Passes Away in Sanitarium at Corry.

EX-COUNTY TREASURER

As Young Man Aided in Building Plant of Old Bellefonte Car Works—Stroke of Paralysis Brought Long and Useful Life to Close.

Death, early Monday morning, last, ended the suffering and brought to a close the long and useful life of William T. Speer, for years a prominent resident of Bellefonte and at one time Treasurer of Centre County. His death, which was not unlooked for, occurred at a sanatarium, at Corry, Pa., and followed a stroke of paralysis, the second in a period of about one week.

The body was brought to Bellefonte on Tuesday. Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Rev. John Hewitt officiating in the absence of Rev. Dr. J. Allison Platts. The services were in charge of the Knights Templar. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

William Thompson Speer was born in Lurgan township, Franklin County, December 8, 1836, making his age exactly 74 years on Thursday of last week. While a young man he removed to Chambersburg, where he was engaged for a number of years as superintendent of the Cumberland Valley Railroad shops. It was in 1873 that Mr. Speer removed to Bellefonte, coming here with Jack McClellan, of Chambersburg, and W. W. Curtin, a son of the late War Governor, and assisting in erecting the plant of the old Bellefonte Car Works. Some time after this he entered into partnership with Mr. McClellan, the firm being known as McClellan & Speer, and conducting a planing mill, machine shop and foundry. This firm was finally dissolved and Mr. Speer became superintendent of the Ardell planing mill, serving later in a like capacity at the Crider planing mill. In 1900 he was elected County Treasurer, serving three years. Mr. Speer was a Mason and Knight Templar and was a life-long member of the Presbyterian church.

For the last eight or nine years he had been a sufferer as a result of a growth in the mouth. Four months ago he went to a sanatarium at Corry and was getting along nicely there until about one week prior to his death, when he suffered a stroke. His condition continued to be critical and early Monday morning he had a second stroke, causing his death.

Mr. Speer was twice married, his first wife being Miss Salinda Frantz, of Shippensburg, who died February 28, 1873. He afterward married Miss Kate Larimer, a daughter of James Larimer, of Bellefonte, who survives, as do also the following children from the first marriage: Francis, of Bellefonte; Edward, of Hoxie, Kansas; William T., of Pittsburg; Mrs. Harris Mann, of Lewistown, and Irvin C., of St. Louis, Mo. Surviving are also three brothers and one sister, as follows: James H., of Abalene, Kansas; Hon. David H., of Chambersburg; Mark, of Portland, Oregon, and Martha, residing near Shippensburg.

Hospital Notes.

A daughter was born Friday, December 9th., to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Ostrander, of Bellefonte.

Mary Etters, Oak Hall; Elizabeth Johnson, Milesburg; Alta McClincy, Bellefonte, admitted for treatment.

Edith Lucas, of Howard, child aged 7 years, admitted with frozen feet.

Twenty-one patients now in the Hospital.

Additional donations:—John M. Keichline, sugar and rice; Miss McCurdy, grape fruit, tea, rice, sugar, prunes, grapes; Mrs. W. L. Daggett, cocoa, cereals, cornstarch; Zion Union Service, $3.50; Mrs. James D. Hunter, cushion top.

Miss Grace Wetzel, of Stormstown, entered training school for nurses.

Tammany Hall Burned.

Tammany Hall, famous throughout the country as the headquarters of Tammany (Democratic) bosses in New York, was destroyed by fire early Monday morning, last. Many of the Tammany political records were saved. It is supposed the fire was caused by a lighted cigar or cigarette stump, carelessly thrown among some waste paper.

Sleighing is Fine.

Sleighing in Bellefonte and throughout the County, in fact, is exceptionally fine. In the country districts there is considerable snow and in some sections the roads are badly drifted.

GRAND JURY COMMENDS COURT HOUSE REPAIRS

In Report to Judge Orvis County Commissioners are Praised.

MONEY IS WELL SPENT

Newman & Harris, Architects, and Gehret & Lambert, Contractors, Share in Words of Approval for Work Done—Sheriff Hurley's Boquet.

A fine tribute to County Commissioners Woodring, Zimmerman and Dunlap for their part in remodeling the Court House was included in the report last week of the Grand Jury. In presenting to the Court a report of its findings and several recommendations, the Grand Jury took occasion to strongly commend the County Commissioners for what they have accomplished.

Messrs Newan and Harris, the architects, and Messrs Gehret and Lambert, the contractors, also were praised for their part in the work.

All who have visited the Court House since the repairs have been completed have been impressed with two things: First, that such extensions and repairs as were made were absolutely necessary. Second, that the work has been well, but cheaply, done. The Grand Jury was impressed with these two features. In its report to the Court, referring to the Court House and also to the splendid condition of the County Jail under Sheriff Hurley, the Grand Jury said:

"After careful inspection of the County Buildings we would say that we are more than pleased with the beautiful convenient and durable improvements of the Court House and surroundings.

"We also commend the work of the County Commissioners in carrying out the recommendations of former Grand Juries in the Court House. Namely: In making additions to the building as to, provide further room for the various offices, Grand Jury and witness room, Law Library and chambers for the District Attorney and Judge, installing a heating and ventilating system for the Court House and Jail, rewiring and providing for better light, providing convenient sanitary lavatories and toilets throughout the building.

In fire proofing the old vaults and providing new ones and new filing assessments that the records of the County are safe and convenient for officials and the public.

"In installing the Treasurer's office with the proper needed protection for safety and convenience for business.

"In the change in the lower corridor and front stairways making them attractive and sanitary; in the improvements on the outside of the building so as to admit the light and air, making the building more attractive, sanitary and giving it protection.

We would approve the change in the Court Room and Traverse Jury Rooms which while it has added so materially to the beauty of the room it has not destroyed its acoustic properties.

"We commend the wisdom in fitting up proper chambers for the Judge and District Attorney in a style that does credit to our County and in providing the magnificent Law Library for the convenience of our Courts.

"Messers Newman and Harris as Architects, have shown superior ability in designing the improvements to the Court House.

"We believe Messers Gehret and Lambert as contractors, have followed the plans and specifications to the letter and in no way have tried to substitute or slight to save money.

"We found the Jail in very good condition and shows good and clean house keeping in its various departments and only find it necessary to recommend the following; the putting in of a new floor and the erection of a new railing high enough so it cannot be sat upon in the upper corridor of the Jail, and also a new floor in the middle room of the female department."

Valuable Dollars Located.

The missing 1804 silver dollars have been located in the possession of Miss Mabel Smith, executrix of the estate of John C. Comfort, of Carlisle, for many years a patent attorney, who died two weeks ago at his home south of Shiremanstown. They were brought to Carlisle several days ago by Caleb S. Brinton, a prominent Carlisle attorney, and locked in the vaults of a local bank. These coins, for which many people have hunted, when shown today were in perfect condition. Comfort knew of the enormous value of the coins, as he had told his relatives years ago that he possessed two coins of great worth. Attorney Brinton will sell the coins for the estate.

HELEN GOULD'S BATH

Cost $60,000 and RivalS Luxurious Splender of Old Roman Days.

With the sun filtering through the great stained glass dome, spreading wavering colors over the smooth waters of the deep pool beneath, the wonderful $60,000 bathing house of Miss Helen Gould at her country place, Lyndhurst at Irving-on-the-Hudson, is fast nearing completion.

No word picture of luxury drawn by the modern author, no dream of ancient Roman empresses seeking for new splendors ever equaled this beautiful new pool that Miss Gould has built, and where her little nieces will disport themselves like young mermaids in the future.

Constructed of red brick, with granite trimmings, the building is 138 feet long and 68 feet wide. The front, of Doric design, is two stories in height. A beautiful shaded walk connecting Miss Gould's mansion with the bath will lead to a flight of marble steps.

Back of the granite pillars at the top of the steps will be three massive doors of oak and plate glass. As the doors swing outward, the guests will find themselves in a spacious lounging room where they may rest in ease and comfort before and after the bath.

The floor of cork will be covered with oriental rugs and divans, and lounging chairs will be scattered among the palms which will convert the room into a tropical grove.

At either end of the lounging room doors lead to dressing rooms, each of which might well belong to the boudoir of a princess.

The water will flow through the pool in a steady stream fed by a spring far back on the spacious grounds of Lyndhurst, and at the opposite end an outlet will keep the depth constant at all times.

Surrounding the pool will be sixteen marble columns, supporting the roof of glass and standing upon a walk of ceramic tiles, bordered with white marble. Scattered about this walk will be marble benches, covered with rugs and pillows, on which the bathers may rest as they become fatigued from swimming or from which their friends may watch them while at play in the water

White and green will be the prevailing colors. The pool itself will be lined with green tiles. At the base and along the upper edge will be white marble.

At night clusters of electric lights will be suspended from the roof and from the ceiling over the walk surrounding the pool, while single lights will shine in every corner of the building.

It sounds like a fairy tale, doesn't it? But the only magic sign used to construct it was this one "$." And it took 60,000 of those to bring about perfection.

The Poultry Yard.

Warm wheat for breakfast makes the biddies shell out the eggs.

Plenty of bone all the time. If you haven't a cutter use an old ax or a hatchet but break the bone in small pieces.

Infertile eggs taken from the incubator need not be an entire loss. They may be boiled and used as chick food.

Pigeon-grass is becoming widely distributed in the East. The seed has much nutritive value and is fine for turkeys and chickens.

Takes more to fatten a hen now than it did two months ago, but don't winter the hens that are so old they may die before spring. Feed them well, keep them warm and let them go the first chance you have.

Green food must not be forgotten. Some feed green rye when it can be had, others give sprouted oats, others beets and turnips and cabbage, and others add cut clover hay to the mash. All of the greens mentioned are good.

Salt is as essential for poultry as for human beings or animals. But it is not wise to feed it by itself. The better way is to season the food whenever that can be done. The warm mash in the winter gives an excellent opportunity to supply it.

A little more corn may be added to the evening grain ration, as the hens will need more heating food. On the farm of the writer the winter grain ration consists of two parts whole corn, one part oats, and one part wheat. During the summer only one part corn is given to two parts oats and one part wheat.

If porcelain eggs are used for nest eggs in cold weather, cover them with light flannel, or some other material, to avoid torture to the hens. An artificial egg is always of the same temperature as the atmosphere, while the temperature of a hen's body is about 102 degree. It may readily be seen that in freezing weather these ice-cold eggs will cause the hens to get chilled.—Farm Journal.

Garnishee Act Invalid.

Judge John D. Shafer, of Pittsburg, last week handed down as an opinion in which he holds that the act of April 10, 1905, which provides for the attachment of wages for board and lodging in actions brought before Justices of the Peace to recover, is unconstitutional.

Stops earache in two minutes; toothache or pain of burn or scald in five minutes; hoarseness, one hour; muscleache, two hours; sore throat, twelve hours—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, monarch over pain.

Out of The Ginger Jar.

A fat fee makes a lean client.

A setting hen is no fear of the roasting pan.

A leaning gate is an indication of a lazy owner.

The end of an argument is better than either side of it.

Some women marry for love while not a few marry for alimony.

When it comes to the pinch there is something to be said for the lobster.

The rolling stone hasn't time to gather moss on roads frequented by automobiles.

A sense of humor will get him much farther.

There is many a man who says things to his wife he wouldn't dare say to his cook.

It takes nine tailors to make a man, but one woman can easily make a goose of a man.

The gasoline engine serves a very useful purpose, but do not expect it to run the whole farm.

The days are shortest in December, and so are a good many men—say, along about the twenty-fifth.

Bogus counts sometimes win American girls, and bogus counts quite frequently win elections.

Three barleycorns make an inch, so the table says, and three drinks of barley juice sometimes make a riot.

The riddle of the sphinx may be unfathomable, but anybody can understand the coal riddle at a glance.

Mr. Cityman is hereby informed in response to his inquiry, that wrinkles on a cow's horn are not caused by trouble or worry.

Wyandotte: "I am feeling very uncomfortable." Minorca: "Whatever is the matter?" Wyandotte: "My pinfeathers are sticking me."

Many a man who almost has a fit when his wife pays $5 for a bonnet, will think nothing of spending as much for a box of cigars with which to pollute the atmosphere.—Farm Journal.

New Ocean Mail Service.

It now is possible for a merchant sitting in his San Francisco office to dictate an urgent letter to his stenographer in the morning with reasonable certainty that it will make the mid-afternoon steamer from New York for Europe on the same day. This abridgment of time and distance becomes possible through a plan announced by the Western Union Telegraph company.

The merchant's letter is received by the telegraph company precisely as a message would be received, transmitted across the continent at the usual tolls, and the copy at this end placed in a special sealed envelope, addressed as directed, and rushed to any available steamship. The only extra charge will be five cents for postage.

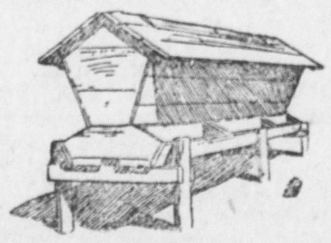
The new service is known as the Special Ocean Mail Service and is an extension of the policy inaugurated with the night letter service. Night letter rates apply to all matter filed during night letter hours.

A GOOD SELF FEEDER.

One That Is Constructed at Home Preferred to Factory Product.

Herewith is shown the picture of one of the most successful self feeders the writer has seen. Many farmers object to the factory made self feeder because it is too narrow on the base and the galvanized iron with which it is covered serves to heat the contents while the edges of the iron are almost sure to become loosened and wound the stock.

This is practically certain to occur in the case of such feeders as are made for hogs. Again, the flat topped self feeder is objectionable for the reason



A HOMEMADE SELF FEEDER

that it will not exclude water unless covered with metal, when it becomes open to the objection noted above.

The self feeder shown in the cut was made for cattle, but was set low enough so that the calves could have access to it. By its use very little grain is wasted, and what falls to the ground is picked up by the hogs. This particular self feeder was set in an open feed lot near a cattle shed in which a hay bag came close enough to replace the manger.

It could be set in the shed, however, if thought desirable. In these days of the scarcity of farm help it is the brain work that is put into such little accessories as this that counts and helps to solve the problems which confront the present day farmer.

A Riot of Ink.

Canon Nicholl used to tell how on one occasion he had visited the famous house of the Thrales in that suburb of London where Dr. Johnson was at home. "Johnson," said the canon in recalling his visit, "had occupied two rooms, and these were left as he last used them. The sight was an extraordinary one, for ink was splashed all over the floor and even on the walls. It was one of the doctor's habits to dip his pen in ink and then shake it."

"Santa Claus Joe"

He Makes a Happy Christmas For Two Lovers

By ANNIE HINRICHSEN

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Joe was a Portuguese urchin, six years old and untidy with the accumulated soil of all his seasons. He lived with his father and mother and numerous brothers and sisters in a dilapidated cabin in the outskirts of the city.

Their neighbors were fellow expatriates speaking their own tongue and continuing their own customs, and Joe's only knowledge of the world that lay beyond the truck farms had been gained when he went with his father to peddle vegetables in the city.

A bullet intended for a rabbit entered Joe's leg, and he was brought to the hospital.

Miss Merton, a senior nurse, was his "lady." She was with him through the days when all his world was full of horrors.

She was his first nurse and the one he first felt was his friend.

In a hospital living and dying move according to certain laws. The progress of a case is routine to the experienced ones. Dissolution takes place in certain known steps.

But one element of which no account is taken, for which no calculation is made, is the love of a man and a woman.

In the hospital life there is no place for it. A nurse's time and thoughts are devoted to her work. Her love and sympathy belong to her patients.

Concerning the relations of doctors and nurses hospital etiquette is strict. It demands that these relations be absolutely professional. The reputation of a hospital depends on the discipline maintained within its walls, and the laws of St. Anne's were enforced with severity.

When interests quite unprofessional drew together a senior nurse and one of the young physicians of the hospital staff there appeared difficulties and embarrassments, and the courtship, under the adverse circumstances of disapprobation, conscience and lack of time, place and opportunity, made slow and halting progress, with frequent backward steps.

"Will you go for a walk tonight?" asked Dr. Knight one morning when with Miss Merton's assistance he was dressing Joe's wound.

"With you?"

"Certainly."

"And meet all the heads and a few doctors and nurses?"

"There are places where heads and doctors and nurses don't go."

"Yes, on back streets. I hate that sort of thing—going out alone and meeting you on a corner and sneaking along back streets."

"There is no other way we can see each other. You will come tonight, won't you?"

She shook her head. "I graduate next spring," she said, a little wistfully. "Can't we wait till then to be friends?"

"What's the use of waiting? No one will know. But if you are found out your previous good record will save you."

The words and tone were blunt and careless.

Miss Merton did not answer. She fastened Joe's bandage and left the room.

As she passed him Dr. Knight saw her face, hurt, proud and angry, all its sweetness gone.

For many days Mr. Knight saw Miss Merton only in the presence of others. She avoided him in the corridors and met him only in the rooms of patients.

There was nothing he could say to her.

A man cannot apologize with words for a wordless insult, and he cannot by appealing, penitence expressing looks affect a moving, marble statue that never sees him.

Christmas was near, and the nurses were preparing for it. Joe was politely interested in the decorations of the ward, but he seemed unconscious of the reasons for them.

"Those are Christmas greens, Joe," said Miss Merton in answer to his inquiry.

Joe looked puzzled.

"Have you ever seen Christmas greens before, Joe?"

"No'm; I never seen Christmas greens before."

"But you know all about Christmas, don't you?"

"No'm; I didn't never know nothin' at all about that."

"Joe, have you never heard of Christmas?"

"No'm. No one never tole me about it neither.

"Nor of Santa Claus?"

"No'm. Who's Santa Claus? Nobody never tole me about Santa Claus."

"Have you heard of Christ, dear?"

"No'm."

"Nor of God?"

Joe pondered. He believed he had heard something about God.

In words simple enough for the child to understand Miss Merton told him the story of the Christ Child.

Joe listened with his great black eyes wide open.

"Is that all?" he asked when the story was finished. "Tell me another."

"But, Joe, this is a real, true story."

Joe looked skeptical. "It's a nice story," he said, "but I don't believe it."

Miss Merton had cared for children long enough to realize that the mind of an untrained child cannot be reached by abstract reasoning. He understands by tangible demonstrations.

So she told Joe of the Christmas festival and of the gifts that would come to him on the birthday of the Saviour.

She taught him a prayer which, if he said it every night, would make him a good boy.

Sometimes he confused his prayer with the jingles she taught him and said the rhyme of "Little Bopeep" instead of "Now I lay me."

She always came in the evening to hear his prayer, and Dr. Knight would come and listen. But his "lady" never spoke to Dr. Knight and never seemed to know that he was near.

Christmas eve came. Miss Merton took Joe down to the hospital chapel in his wheeled chair. At the door he shut his eyes tight for a second and then flashed them open.

The room was full of light and the warm, sweet smell of fresh pine branches. Ropes of holly and evergreen draped the ceiling and the walls, and from the ropes hung little red bells—such cheery little bells that they seemed to send out with their rosy color a Christmas greeting.

In the center of the platform at the end of the room stood the Christmas tree.

It was tall and wide and covered with twinkling candles, glistening ornaments and packages tied with red and green ribbons.

On the floor were piled more packages, so many of them that the floor was covered.

The patients were all there. Old Miss Curtiss, palsied and helpless, was in a chair near the platform. Her face was radiant, and occasionally she lifted her one sound hand and pointed to the tree.

Mr. Furr, who two weeks before had lost both legs, was brought in on a stretcher. The oldest inhabitant, a paralytic, was wheeled in on her bed.

The convalescents with canes and crutches sat in easy chairs or lay on pillows on the chapel benches.

The surgeons in their evening clothes on their way to Christmas eve dinners had come in and were affecting the antics of joyful small boys.

The first package taken from the tree was for Joe. Another was laid in his lap and another. They came fast. They filled his chair and lay on the floor around him.

There were toys of all kinds, balls of all sizes and colors, tops of every style, animals of every material, banks with pennies rattling in them, games, puzzles, paint boxes, picture books, a lovely, many colored clown that waved a hoop.

There were shoes, stockings, underwear, a suit of clothes, neckties, handkerchiefs and mittens.

After the happy child had been put to bed and his toys placed where he could see them Dr. Knight came in.

"Where's your lady, Joe?" he asked.

"Downstairs."

"Did she hear you say your prayers?"

"Yes, and she said her prayers too. They aren't like my prayers. And she cry—just a little cry."

"What did she say when she prayed, Joe?"

"She put her head down in my covers, and she say, 'Dear father, I love him and I'm so lonely.' And she cry and say something about Harold. Who's Harold?"

Harold Knight dropped the child's hand and hurried out of the room and downstairs to the chapel. Miss Merton was there alone. He walked quickly up to her and took her hands.

"Edith," he began—"Edith, I want—I love you—I"—

She stepped back and tried to draw away her hands. The movement of her head brought her cap close to a candle on the tree. The thin mull flamed suddenly into a blaze. Dr. Knight's fingers closed over the burning cap, and the fire was extinguished in his hand.

He drew out the pin that held the cap in place and lifted from her unharmed hair the charred badge of her profession.

She caught his hand and tried to open it. He clinched it and the cap in it.

"Is it your cap you want?" he asked.

"No, your hand; it's burned."

"I've been suffering for weeks and you haven't cared."

"You wanted a silly flirtation, and if you were hurt it served you right."

"Will you marry me, Edith? I shall not ask for any more clandestine meetings. I'll try to be patient till you graduate. Can't you love me? You love Joe and old Miss Curtiss and the babies. Can't you care for me instead of for all those people?"

"I'm tired of caring for people. I think I'd like—I'd like to have somebody care for me."

Before the next Christmas came round Edith had taken off her nurse's uniform to don a bridal dress. Harold Knight was the happy man, and it was arranged that the wedding should take place at the hospital among those who loved both the bride and the groom. Joe, of course, was present and watched the proceedings with eyes wide open.

When the ceremony was over and congratulations had been over Dr. and Mrs. Knight drove away to their own home.

And that is why in the happy after years Dr. and Mrs. Knight always referred to Joe as Santa Claus Joe.

Bellefonte friends of Frank Miller, recently appointed Adams Express Company agent at Philipsburg, will learn with regret that a day or two after taking charge in his new position he was injured internally while lifting heavy express matter. For a time he suffered considerable pain, but now is resting more comfortably.

Dr. W. P. McIntosh, of Philipsburg, and Miss Alice G. Crapster, of Baltimore, were married at the latter place on Tuesday of last week.

Since taking charge of the Ward House, at Tyrone, Charley Waple has erected a large electric sign on top of the building.

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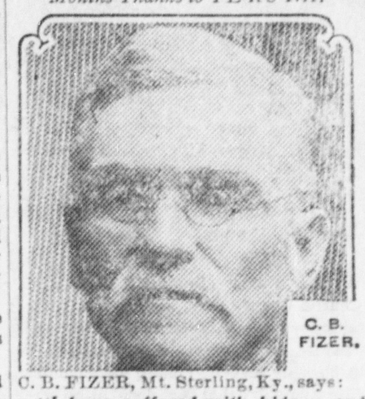
Suffered Ten Years—Relieved in Three Months Thanks to PE-RU-NA.



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C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., says:

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"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

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You Must Read This if you Want the Benefit.

J. W. Greer, Greenwood, La., suffered with a severe case of lumbago. "The pains were so intense I was forced to hypodermic injections for relief. These attacks started with a pain in the small of my back which gradually became fairly paralysing. My attention was attracted to Foley's Kidney Remedy and I am glad to say after using this wonderful medicine I am no longer bothered in any way by my old enemy lumbago." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the metallic cough of croup, bringing dread to the household. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house and give it at the first sign of danger. It contains no opiates. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Boy Wanted.

A boy 18 or 19 years wanted to drive grocery wagon. Inquire of E. I. Gillen, Bellefonte, Pa.

PILES RUDY'S PILE Suppository

A cure guaranteed if you use

D. Matt. Thompson, Sup't Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 25 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

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Call for Free Sample

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Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

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A little cause may hurt the kidneys.
Spells of backache often follow,
Or some irregularity of the urine.
A certain remedy for such attacks,
A medicine that answers every call,
Is Doan's Kidney Pills, a true specific.
Many Bellefonte people rely on it.
Here is Bellefonte proof.

Mrs. H. I. Taylor, 72 S. Water St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "We think just as highly of Doan's Kidney Pills today as we did two years ago, when we publicly recommended them. They were procured from Green's Pharmacy Co. and brought relief from backache and kidney trouble. On several occasions since then we have taken Doan's Kidney Pills and they have always been of the greatest benefit. We think so highly of Doan's Kidney Pills that we recommend them to other kidney sufferers at every opportunity."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

When to Spray.

A prominent member of the Bedford County, Pa., Fruit Growers' Association wrote to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, asking if spraying would really kill the San Jose scale and when the application should be made. He also made inquiry concerning the kind of spraying machine to buy. The reply of the Professor was as follows:

"Spraying will kill the scale. I say this because I know of many places where this has been done, and I know of many profitable orchards where the scale is held in perfect control, although not exterminated. I presume our highest ambition must be to control this pest, rather then wholly to exterminate it, because the latter is impossible.

"As to the time of spraying, the best time is certainly just after the leaves drop, and if the trees are badly infested, another application should be made about the time the buds are swelling, although any time during the dormant or leafless season of trees is suitable for the destruction of the scale. Thus there is a long season during which you can spray successfully, and there is no reason why these pests should be permitted to remain alive on trees.

"I prefer fall or winter spraying because it gives us more time, the weather is better, and the ground is more firm for drawing spraying apparatus over it. Also, if you should not be wholly thorough and kill all the pests in the fall, you have a chance for another application in the spring. Absolute thoroughness, with a good strong spray material is the keynote of success. Use the boiled lime-sulfur wash, either homemade or commercial, applied thoroughly to all the bark. You can not get it strong enough to hurt the trees.

"To get the kind of spraying machine best suited to your needs, you should write to some of the reliable manufacturers. You will find their addresses in nearly all the horticultural magazines and farm journals. Describe to them the size, number and kind of trees that you have, and they will be able to tell you which of their different forms of apparatus is best adapted to your needs, and will also give you prices. It will pay you to get reliable spraying apparatus. The cheapest and smallest that should suit you, is a barrel sprayer. You should have at least two sections or twentyfive feet of hose. It is a mistake to get hose too short. You should have an eight-foot extension rod with a shut-off, a "Y" attachment, two nozzles, etc. A reliable manufacturer will fit you up all right, but if you should need further suggestions, we shall be glad to give them."

Read "The Republican," $1 per year, in advance.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR.

The Way It Sometimes Crops Out In Examination Papers.

"About the driest thing in the world is the reading of a lot of examination papers," said a young University of Pennsylvania English instructor recently, "but occasionally the monotony of an evening of such work is relieved by a bit of humor. Frequently students try to be funny, thinking, perhaps, that they will in this way get on the right side of the man who marks the papers, but such attempts are usually flat failures. It is the unconscious bits of humor that are the gems.

"A short time ago I gave as a subject for an essay to one of my freshman classes 'My Impressions of Pennsylvania.' One youth wrote his name at the top of his paper and then sat through the entire hour, gazing at the ceiling, apparently unable to get a start. Then at the end he handed in the blank piece of paper. As a piece of satire it would have been excellent, but I am sure he had no such intention. The blank paper merely represented his inability to get his impressions in writing and not the lack of impressions.

"A short time ago a history professor asked the question, 'What caused the French rebellion of 1830?' One of the replies was merely, 'Too much Bourbon.' If this answer had come from an ordinary student he would have given the writer credit for a witty answer, but it was written by a serious minded youth from the country, who, he was sure, was incapable of such an effort and probably did not even know there was a whisky by that name. Truly the unconscious are the gems."—Philadelphia Record.

THE LOT OF HARDSHIP.

It Is Ever the School In Which Greatness Is Taught.

There is a purpose in circumstance. Nothing in our lives is for naught. All things which have been given us, even our chains, are meant for our making—meant for the working out of our goodly destiny. Bunyan in prison, apparently cursed by sunless hours of solitude and loneliness, was a greater Bunyan than if he had been free to roam afield. The walls which shut his body in could not confine his soul. It escaped them and went out into all the world to lift to higher levels the hope and vision of mankind. The log cabin in which Lincoln was born lent its ruggedness and simplicity to the man himself and has become a shrine which men approach with reverend feet as to some holy place which love and truth have glorified. The hard lot is ever the school in which greatness is taught, and the best scholars are those who perceive the purpose of difficulty and do not grow bitter as they grapple with it. The very genius of progressive living consists in a capacity to appreciate the day and what the day holds, to find in all seasons and events a divine conspiracy to refine the soul and make it a greater soul, to hail hardship with grim gladness and bless the hills which must be climbed, to look with kindly eyes upon every human thing, to accept with complacence the small circle of opportunity until it has been shown that we are worthy to move in a wider one. Along no other path may we come to our best and largest estate of being and serving.—Richard Wightman in Metropolitan Magazine.

It Cost Money to Be Smart.

A sprightly young matron hopped on a car at Eighth and Chestnut streets, handed a half dollar to the conductor and hurried to a seat without getting the change. The conductor, grinning broadly at the outcome which he expected, awaited developments. When the car reached Sixth street the woman turned to the conductor and remarked, "Did I get my change?"

The conductor laughingly handed her the change.

Then the scene changed.

"My good man," icily spoke the young woman, "I gave you a dollar."

Protestations on the part of the conductor availed him nothing. He fished about his clothes and found another four bit piece and handed it up, with a sigh.

"The next time I try to be funny," said the conductor, "I hope some one catches me before it costs me so much money."—Philadelphia Times.

METHOD TO TELL AGE OF THE SHEEP

A prominent professor of animal husbandry in a leading university says that fine wool sheep live longer than medium or coarse wool sheep. The former have been used successfully as breeders from one to eight years and the latter from one to six and more rarely seven years. The prime of life probably extends from one to five or six years.

The lamb has a short and small head as opposed to the head of the mature sheep. Its teeth are smaller in every way. They are usually smooth and white as opposed to a more corrugated, darkened surface in the old sheep. The age of sheep is told by the four pairs of incisors which are found only on the lower front jaw. These are all present by the time the lamb is six weeks old.

In the yearling the central pair of small incisor teeth are replaced with a large pair when the lamb is ten to fourteen months old. They are almost twice as wide and much longer than those at either side.

At the age of two years the animal gets a second pair of large teeth.

At three years it gets a third pair of large teeth. It would then have three pairs of large teeth and one pair of small or lamb teeth.

The four-year-old has a full mouth of four pairs of large teeth. The outer ones are never as large as those in the center.

After the sheep is four years old it is difficult to tell the exact age. With age the teeth usually grow longer and narrower. They begin at six years to resemble shoe pegs. Sheep that are living on short pasturage and get sand with their grass wear their teeth short even in old age. This is unusual in Minnesota.

When sheep get long, peg-like or broken teeth, it is time to dispose of them.

CARE OF THE MULE.

Attention Should Be Given to Feeding at Breeding Time.

Many are anxious to get information about mules, animals that play an important part in farm work and heavy hauling. Some prefer them to the draft horse. Why? Well, they say mules can everlastingly pull a heavy load without the slightest letup. In the south they are a deliverer to the

MULES HAULING COTTON.

cotton growers. Some people imagine that mules don't need any special care, because, as a rule, their makeup is rugged. That's true in this respect. They can stand more abuse than any animal used for heavy working purposes. But at breeding time attention to feeding should be given. Some grain for the mules to keep them in good condition without fattening them is very important. If the mule runs down from lack of nourishing food either the progeny will be weak and lacking in vigor or the breeding may be entirely prevented. The best of all grain foods for keeping the mule in condition are oats. Rye is sometimes fed and in some cases is very good. It should be kept from the animals after they have been bred, as it may cause abortion.

FEEDING THE COLT.

Many Farmers Make Mistake In Using Bottles and Nipples.

Noting in a recent farm paper a plan to raise the baby colts on a bottle with a rubber nipple, a breeder advises farmers not to bother with bottles and nipples, at least not for colts.

Take a deep pan or crock and pour into it enough milk to cover your hand. Crook your forefinger C shape in the milk. Let the colt once get hold with its soft, velvety lip of that crooked forefinger and it will drink at the third day. Colts do not or need not suck the finger like calves.

Sufficient milk is placed in good glass jars in the tank, and the colt learns to come to the gate for its milk, taking it from any crock, pail or vessel we choose to feed it from. And the milk should be warmed slightly at first.

Handling Young Pigs.

When pigs are three weeks old the sow and litter should have the run of a lot to have exercise, air and sunshine. They will then begin to eat. At eight weeks of age they should be weaned and provided with a feeding trough. Soaked corn, skimmilk, cooked feeds, with mill feeds added, form a good diet for them. Do not feed cornmeal to excess, for it fattens rather than causes healthy growth.

Regularity Road to Success.

Dairying is quite confining, but this is one of the good features of the industry. Once a farmer gets started he must keep regular hours and do his work in the proper time, and it is this crowding the man into the collar and making him work that tell. Many would shirk if they could; but, there being no way for them to do this, they stick to their job and make a success of it.

Why He Wanted References.

At a credit men's dinner one of the veterans told this story: "In the reconstruction days a man from a Mississippi valley town came to our western house one day. We had sold him before in a small way, and he always paid. He had enlarged his business, he told us, and wanted a bigger line than usual, but before making his selections he wanted us to give him references. We expressed surprise at such an unheard of demand, but he said, 'My two brothers-in-law have gone in with me, and they're very particular as to whom they do business with.' So we sent him to our banks, and he came back, said we were all right, picked out a big line of goods, and in sixty days he 'busted.' We couldn't collect a dollar. Two years later I met the man in Cincinnati and told him we had become reconciled to our loss. 'But will you please tell me,' I asked, 'why did you want references as to our credit?' 'Well, you see,' he answered, 'I wanted to know if you could stand it.'"—Exchange.

No Law's Delay Here.

In Perak, in the Malay peninsula, lawyers find no business, for a modified form of trial by ordeal decides all disputes. In place of the legal practitioner the pleader is a native boy who is assigned to one or the other of the sides and is given a bamboo tube in which is sealed the pleading of the person or party whom he represents. When all is ready two stakes are driven into the bed of a stream, and by aid of a bamboo pole the heads of the two boys are submerged at the same time. By grasping the stakes they are enabled to remain under water for quite awhile after their natural inclination would bring them to the surface, but at last one of them gives in and, releasing his hold of the stake, comes to the air. He is immediately seized, and the tube he holds is cast aside. The other lad is led ashore, his tube opened, and the document contained therein stands as the decision in the case.

Scott Relics at Abbotsford.

The present estate of Abbotsford was formed during the years 1811 to 1817 from various small farms, the first one purchased bearing the "inharmonious designation" Clarty Hole. After Sir Walter Scott's death in 1834 a committee of friends collected £8,000 toward the redemption of the estate, and Mr. Cadell, the publisher, contributed the rest on receiving the rights over Scott's works. The library and museum had been given some years before by the creditors. As his son, Lieutenant Colonel W. Scott, died on his way home from India, the property descended to J. R. Lockhart, his son-in-law, and thence to his daughter's husband, J. R. Hope-Scott, whose daughter held the estate for some years. Many Scott relics are preserved in the house, notably his chair and writing table in the study and his hat and gloves in the hall.—London Standard.

Hard For the Eskimos.

One of the difficulties of the Moravian missionaries in Labrador is to make the Old Testament, with its wealth of pastoral detail, intelligible to the Eskimos, not one of whom has ever seen a horse. "Sheep and cattle," says Hesketh Pritchard in "Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness," "they cannot realize or conceive of, for there are no domesticated animals save dogs in that portion of the peninsula. They comprehend the story of Esau, the hunter, and that of Samson and the lion, which animal can be translated as polar bear, but of Abraham in the land of Mesopotamia they can form no picture. The nearest approach to these ideas is drawn from the harvest of the sea, seals and fish taking the place of flocks and herds."

Making a Major.

John Esten Cooke, who went into the war as an enlisted man in a Richmond battery, was soon afterward appointed an officer on the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart. On Stuart's staff, Mr. George Cary Eggleston says in "Recollections of a Varied Life," he distinguished himself by a certain laughing nonchalance under fire and by his eager readiness to undertake Stuart's most perilous missions.

It was in recognition of some specially daring service of that kind that Stuart gave him his promotion. The delightful way in which the great boyish southerner did it is best told in Mr. Eggleston's own words.

"You're about my size, Cooke," Stuart said, "but you're not so broad in the chest."

"Yes, I am," answered Cooke.

"Let's see if you are," said Stuart, taking off his coat as if for a boxing match. "Try that on."

Cooke donned the coat with its three stars on the collar and found it a fit.

"Cut off two of the stars," Stuart commanded, "and wear the coat to Richmond. Tell the people in the war department to make you a major and send you back to me in a hurry. I'll need you tomorrow."

An Amiable Hint.

An old Scotchwoman when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon replied, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa

Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collections promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Maria D. Rhoads, late of Bellefonte Borough.

Letters of Administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenicated without delay to

EDWARD K. RHOADS, Executor.
11-3 Bellefonte, Pa.

Executor's Notice.

In the estate of Emil Joseph late of Bellefonte Borough, Centre county, deceased.

Letters testamentary in the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay.

SIEGMUND JOSEPH, Executor.
N. B. Spangler, Attorney. Bellefonte, Pa. 11-3

Executor's Notice.

In the Estate of John P. Rockey, late of Walker Twp., dec'd.

Letters Testamentary in the above estate, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make payment; those having claims to present the same, duly probated, without delay.

ABIGAIL C. ROCKEY, Zion, Pa.
J. C. Meyer, Attorney. Executrix. 11-17-6t.

Constipation causes headache, nausea, dizziness, languor, heart palpitation. Drastic physics gripe, sicken, weaken the bowels and don't cure. Doan's Regulets act gently and cure constipation. 25 cents. Ask your druggists.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:55 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte. 8:33 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.20	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7.25	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7.27	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily, ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag.

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	f 3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	5.00
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.07
	Waddles	8.20	12.10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	f 5.30
	Fillmore	f 8.28	12.18	f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.43
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.47
	Coleville	8.40	12.30	5.50
Ar.	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	6.0

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with trains No. 3 and 5 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.
A Safe, Certain Relief for Suppressed Menstruation.
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the
UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANCASTER, PA.
Sold in Bellefonte by C. M. Parish

DO IT NOW

Get our prices on lumber, frames, lath, sash, doors, shingles, flooring, moulding

PAROID ROOFING

Or anything else you need in the building line. You can have our forty-two years experience free and buy what what you want at bottom prices. Anticipating an advance in prices of

SOUTHERN LUMBER

And Pacific Coast Red Cedar Shingles, we bought a large stock and will sell at the present low prices while they last. Odd lots of moulding, sash and lumber at specially low prices.

P. B. CRIDER & SON.
Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb st. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley's Kidney Pills purify the blood, restore lost vitality and vigor. Refuse substitutes.

For sale at C M Parrish' drug store

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 15, 1910.

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

Subscription rate, $1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

There Is A Santa Claus.

Christmas isbut afew days off. In the numerous homes into which "The Republican" enters we trust and hope that the spirit of dear, old Santa Claus will be present, radiating good cheer and happiness into countless little hearts. There is an editorial published by the New York "Sun" years ago that is near and dear to the heart of every man and woman who has read it and who comes face to face with the question:

"Is there a Santa Claus?"

The editorial is so beautitul in sentiment, so full of love and tenderness, that we reprint it, hoping that it conveys to some little heart a message of gladness. The editorial was written by Joseph P. Church, for years a member of the editorial staff of the "Sun." Mr. Church has long since passed to his reward. For what he wrote and the good he thereby accomplished his name will ever be revered by those made happy by his words. Mr. Church wrote at the head of his editorial these words: "There Is A Santa Claus." His editorial was as follows:

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

Dear editor: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say that there is no Santa Claus. Papa says if you see it in the Sun it's so. Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus? Virginia O'Hanlon, 115 West Ninety-fifth Street.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Also, how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then; no poetry; no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not. But that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else realand abiding.

No Santa Claus? Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia; nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Farmers' Week.

Farmers' Week at The Pennsylvania State College will be held this year December 19th to 24th inclusive.

A splendid opportunity is offered to all farmers interested in a better agriculture. Lectures on live topics will be given by men who have practical experience as well as scientific knowledge. In addition to the lectures, many practical demonstrations in judging dairy cattle, beef cattle, horses, sheep, swine and poultry will be given. The program is so arranged that any individual can attend lectures during each period upon the subjects which interest him most.

Many of the speakers are men of national prominence in their respective lines from this and other states. Every farmer, who can possibly do so, should arrange to spend at leastia part of the week in getting into touch with this practical science which is offered.

Court Proceedings.

Court convened on Monday morning at ten o'clock and after hearing a few motions and petitions the following cases were disposed of:

James W. Sankey now for the use of Emma C. Sankey, vs. Clement Dale Administrator of etc., of John Sankey, deceased, and D. W. Sankey, only heir of John Sankey, being an action to revive and continue the lien of a former judgment. Verdict $13,723.50.

Clement Dale, executor of A. W. Swisher, deceased, vs. J. W. Bruss, also written William Bruss, being an action in ejectment; cause continued and ordered at the head of the February list.

Morris Bohn vs. College Township, action in trespass; continued.

Miss M. Black, use of D. L. Kerr, vs. W. T. Shirk and Ida A. Poorman, Administratrix of etc. of Edward Poorman, or J. Edward Poorman deceased, being an action to revive and continue the lien of a former judgment. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $118.

William Groh Runkle, trustee for the heirs of Oscar C. Duck, deceased, vs. William Groh Runkle, executor of the last will and testament of James H. Duck, deceased. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $542.92.

I. J. Dreese, Admr, of etc. of J. B. Ard, deceased, vs. J. N. Everts. Settled.

Penn Chemical Company, a corporation, vs. Mary C. Ammerman and Nancy J. Ammerman, being an action in trespass to recover damages by the tenant from the landlord. From the testimony it appears that the plaintiff leased a store room from the defendant in 1903, wherein to transact its business. That the plaintiff remained on the premises until some time the latter part of October or beginning of November, 1907, when they were unable to gain admission to the room. The case further developed that the defendants had procured the picking of the lock and the changing of the lock, thus, under the law, evicting the plaintiff. Also that the plaintiff was arrear in rent, and on or about the 12th day of November the landlady caused a landlord's warrant to be placed in the hand of the Sheriff, and the property of the plaintiff distressed for rent on the 13th for rent alleged to be due the defendants, but the amount thereof was disputed by the plaintiff. Subsequently, on the 29th., of November, the defendants issued another landlord's warrant in the hands of the same officer for a greater amount than that set out in the first one. The bailiff or agent had the personal property appraised on the 18th day of November, which was short of the required time to hold such appraisement in such proceedings, and subsequently the property was sold. The defendants contended that Nancy J. Ammerman had no interest in the real estate, having conveyed her interest to her sister in 1902, by a deed not yet recorded, and contending that the plaintiff owed the amounts of the rent as shown by the several landlord's warrants, and that if any mistake was made or illegal procedure that it was done by the agent or bailiff and that they should not be held responsible therefor. Case on trial from Monday until Tuesday evening when the jury retired to the room. Verdict on Wednesday morning in favor of the plaintiff and against Mary C. Ammerman for $447.50.

Pearl C. Gray vs. Leonard Miller, being a feigned issue to try the title to a horse called "Lamptrimmer," and growing out of an execution by the defendant against Irvin G. Gray and levy upon this horse as the property of Irvin G. Gray, and subsequently to the levy claimed by the plaintiff. The plaintiff showed that she had purchased the horse from her father on the evening preceding the levy made by the Sheriff for a valuable consideration. And the question was submitted to the jury as to whether or not all had been done that could be done under the circumstances to give possession to the plaintiff of the horse. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

The Brunswick-Balke Collender Company vs. Edgar Sheffer. This case is from Philipsburg and was not finished when Court adjourned Wednesday evening.

Miss Caroline Hoy, daughter of Hezekiah Hoy, is critically ill in the Allentown Hospital.

David Stewart is wearing a large bandage on his right hand. He didn't hit anybody—just a great, big, aggravating, tantalizing boil.

Jonas Stine, of Scotia, a regular reader and good friend of "The Republican" is in town as a juror this week. Mr. Stine was last night a welcome visitor at "The Republican" office.

Jury Commissioner J. D. Decker, of Potters Mills, while in town this week helping fill the jury wheel, favored us by calling and advancing his subscription to "The Republican." Mr. Decker is the type of man we are always glad to have call.

Two of a Kind.

"I told dat feller I was so flat broke I had to sleep outdoors," said Plodding Pete.

"Did it touch his heart?" asked Meandering Mike.

"No. He said he was doing the same thing an' had to pay de doctor for tellin' him what a blessin' it was."—Washington Star.

How to Open a Can of Corn.

One of the smallest of the little girls in a West Philadelphia family had often assisted her mother in preparing the meals. She observed that her mother, who was rather hasty, always talked to herself when she had any difficulty in opening cans of vegetables. The little girl thought that the hastiness was a part of the operation.

"One day she was visiting a neighbor and went into the kitchen to help prepare a meal.

She watched the neighbor take a can of corn, apply the opener and remove the top.

"That's not the way to open a can of corn," said the little girl.

"Why, what other way is there?" asked the neighbor.

"Well, you take the can of corn and start to open it, and then you bear down and the opener slips. Then you say 'Darn this can!' and finish it. That's the way my mother opens a can of corn."—Philadelphia Times.

Diamonds to Lampblack.

You may purchase equal quantities of carbon for 5 cents or a million dollars. A bargain hunter might invest a nickel and get a package of pure lampblack. The million would secure a blazing diamond, easily turned into lampblack; not so easily—intense heat would be required. However, coal and wood are really more valuable than diamonds. They surrender life giving heat, while the only use so far discovered for diamonds is to cut glass, and for this carborundum is a good substitute. All diamonds in existence could be annihilated without loss to mankind; but, then, to vaporize diamonds would be costly, as the enormous heat of 12,632 degrees F. in the concentration of an electric furnace would be required, and then you might get enough graphite to make a lead pencil or a little fine stove polish. —Edgar Lucien Larkin in Nautilus.

Mystery of the Egg.

An egg for one thing is a succession of bags, bagged up in one another, a series of envelopes enveloped in one another, bags and envelopes without joints, seams or openings. Puzzles, ships built up and full rigged in bottles, flies in amber, are simply simplicity itself as puzzles when it comes to how these bags wrap one another up, bag in bag. In a hen's egg there are eight or nine or ten of the sacks in sacks ensacked. Everybody thinks he knows what an egg is, and after weary reading and study in many languages he only begins to learn that nobody knows a tiny fraction of all the world of secrets and mysteries hidden in an egg. "As full of meat as an egg" is not the true comparison, but "as full of mystery as an egg" is nearer the truth. Eggs are the greatest puzzle in all nations.—New York Press.

Poor Pay, Poor Preach.

Once upon a time there was an Indian named Big Smoke. A white man, encountering Big Smoke, asked him what he did for a living.

"Umph!" said Big Smoke. "Me preach."

"That so? What do you get for preaching?"

"Me git ten dollar a year."

"Well," said the white man, "that's d——d poor pay."

"Umph!" said Big Smoke. "Me d——d poor preach!"

So runs the world—poor pay, poor preach.—Minneapolis Tribune.

"Eating Crow."

The term "eating crow" comes from an ante-Revolutionary story. A soldier of an English regiment stationed in Virginia shot a pet crow belonging to a farmer. The latter entered a complaint with the colonel, who sentenced the soldier to eat the crow. The farmer was left alone with the soldier to see that he did it. After the soldier had consumed a portion of the bird he took his gun, presented it at the farmer and told him to eat the remainder of the crow or he would shoot him. This was the origin of the eating crow story.

Didn't Awe Him.

The membess of a Greek letter fraternity from a southern university were being shown through the library of congress. They were apparently stricken dumb with admiration of the beauties of the building. But the atmosphere of awe was dissipated when one of the party, a red headed youth, exclaimed fervently:

"Gee, fellows! Wouldn't this make a dandy frat house?"—St. Louis Republic.

The Old Problem.

"This magazine looks rather the worse for wear."

"Yes; it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays."

"Doesn't she get tired of reading always the same one?"

"Oh, no. You see, it's the same book, but it's always a different servant."

No Cause For Worry.

Painter (to his servant)—Now carry this picture to the exhibition gallery, but be careful, for the paint is not quite dry yet. Servant—Oh, that's all right. I'll put on an old coat.—Fliegende Blatter.

Both Exempt.

"Do your daughters help their mother with the housework?"

"We wouldn't think of expecting it. Muriel is temperamental and Zaza is intense."—Pittsburg Post.

Not Acquired.

N. Read—How you stutter! Did you ever go to a stammering school? J. Terry—N-n-no, s'r. I d-d-do this n-naturally.—Brooklyn Life.

Red Tape and Matrimony.

Some of the reasons why a Frenchman may not marry are given by a correspondent of a Paris newspaper. He has been trying to get married for three years and has not yet succeeded. French marriage law is a tricky thing to deal with. If the prospective bridegroom has not lived more than six months at his address at the time of the marriage he must get a certificate signed by the landlord and concierge of every house where he has lived previously till he gets back to one where he did live for six months. Birth certificates are required and the written consent of parents.

As no paper must bear a date more than two months old, it often happens that the marriage must be postponed to get the papers renewed. The man who had been foiled for three years once succeeded in making all his papers correct, when he was called up for his periodical term of military service, and this threw his papers out of date.

Another time he arrived before the mayor with his bride, but the ceremony was not performed, as a certificate of his first wife's death was not forthcoming.

Fascination of the Third Rail.

"You can talk all you want about the way some people want to jump off tall buildings, but the men who walk the elevated tracks can sympathize with them," said a man the other day whose business it is to work along the elevated railroad lines and see that everything is in good condition.

"Trackwalkers often have the same impulse to step on the third rail that climbers have to jump. You walk along and see that shining rod of steel and watch the sunlight glisten on it, and then the thought comes to you, 'If I step on that it will kill me,' and then you wonder how it would feel to just put your toe on it. Of course a fellow shakes those ideas off his mind, but they keep coming back, and I have known more than one man who has quit his job because he was afraid that he couldn't fight off much longer the impulse to stand on the track and put the other foot on the third rail, and when I hear of a trackwalker being killed by the third rail I wonder if the fascination of the third rail got the better of him."—New York Sun.

The Title "Esquire."

The title "esquire" is derived from the French word ecuyer (a shield bearer) and originated in the old days of chivalry, when, as is well known, each knight appointed one or more persons of gentle birth to carry his shield and perform other honorable services. These persons were known as squires, or, more accurately, esquires, and were of such birth as would permit of their being in their turn created knights when they should have merited the distinction by deeds of valor or otherwise. In the reign of Richard II. the status of an esquire was granted for the first time by letters patent as a title of honor merely, no duties being attached. This method of creation is now obsolete, but it marks an advanced stage in the decay of chivalry, which decay resulted in the titles "knight" and "esquire" becoming wholly honorary.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Lazy Man.

A worthy old citizen of Newport who had the reputation of being the laziest man alive among "them hillocks," so lazy, indeed, that he used to weed his garden in a rocking chair by rocking forward to take hold of the weed and backward to uproot it, had a way of fishing peculiarly his own. He used to drive his old white faced mare to the spot where the tautog (blackfish) might be depended on for any weight, from two to twelve pounds, backed his gig down to the water side, put out his line and when the tautog was safely hooked started the old mare and pulled him out.

A Slight Difference.

Undue rapidity of speech or indistinct utterance often leads to curious misunderstandings. An instance of this is given by Walter Seymour in his "Ups and Downs of a Wandering Life." "A clergyman," he says, "was sent for by a sick old parishioner who was not a churchgoer and who was deaf. The clergyman said: 'What induced you to send for me?' 'What does he say?' said the man to his wife. 'He says why the deuce did you send for him?'"

A Patron.

"Mr. Carriman is very busy now," said the private secretary of the railroad president. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh," replied the pompous visitor, "just a friendly call. I thought he'd like to know that I ride on his suburban branch now. I'm Colonel Nuritch."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Similarity.

"What a noisy thing that bass drum is!" remarked the clarinet disgustedly.

"Yes," replied the trombone; "just like a human being, isn't it?"

"Like a human being?"

"Yes; it's the one with the big head that makes the most noise."—London Telegraph.

Shaking Hands.

Few people know how to shake hands well. The general run of folk either give a limp paw and allow it to be shaken or else grasp yours in theirs and nearly dislocate it with their violence.—London World.

The wise are polite all the world over; fools are polite only at home.—Bacon.

How It Feels to Be Run Over.

"When I was run over," writes a correspondent, "I had not seen the car approaching. The first thing I knew was that I was on the ground, kicking upward with my legs in an effort to get from under the car. Then I felt a wheel going over my chest, which bent as it passed over. In the intervening second or two I went through several minutes' worth of feelings. I had the sensations of astonishment at being on the ground, of wanting to roll aside and away, of bracing myself—and my chest especially—stiff to resist something, whatever it might be, while a lightning flash of fear was dimly there and a subconscious query, 'What on earth next?' Yet it was hardly fear, because there was no time for such a durable sensation. It was rather a sense of being suddenly confronted with a grave reality, of doubtful, obscurely terrible import." — London Chronicle.

Origin of Coal.

Coal is of vegetable origin. When vegetable matter accumulates under water it undergoes a slow process of decomposition, giving off its nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen and some carbon, the result of which if carried far enough is the formation of a mass of carbon. Peat, found often in swampy tracts, is the first stage in the coal forming process, and the further stages are formed by the burial of these vegetable deposits under great loads of sediment, where they become subject to pressure and sometimes to heat. This effects a series of changes, consolidation and loss of oxygen and gives a series of products whose nature depends on the degree to which the original vegetable matter has been changed. The products are known as lignite, bituminous coal and anthracite coal.

Mixing His Dates.

There is a story of a man who was so transported with joy as he stood up at the altar rail to be married that his thoughts reverted to a day when he stood up at the prisoner's bar in a court of justice to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" to a criminal charge. So powerfully did that, the most painful event of his life, obtrude itself upon his mind that when the clergyman put the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and so on, the poor distracted bridegroom answered with startling distinctness, "Not guilty, so help me!"—From Tuckerman's "Personal Recollections."

A Stubborn Opening.

The head of the household was going through her husband's pockets the next morning.

"What kept you out so late last night?" she suddenly demanded.

"It was the opening of the campaign, my dear," the lesser half replied.

"Well, it didn't take three corkscrews to open it, did it?"

And she drew the offending articles from his side pocket and waved them before him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mistletoe a Menace.

Few people who know mistletoe only as a desirable feature of Christmas decorations understand that the plant is a parasite dangerous to the life of trees in the regions in which it grows. It is only a question of time after mistletoe once begins to grow upon a tree before the tree itself will be killed. The parasite saps the life of the infected branches. Fortunately it is of slow growth, taking years to develop to large proportions, but when neglected it invariably ruins all trees it reaches. The only method of extermination is the cutting down of diseased trees.—Exchange.

Teaching the Teacher.

Teacher—Johnny, what part of speech is 'nose?' Johnny—'Tisn't any. Teacher—Ah, but it must be. Johnny—Maybe yours is, because you talk through it, but the only part of speech I've got is my mouth.

Same Old Story.

"Does he pay his alimony promptly?"

"No. He has to be urged and threatened every pay day; but, then, of course, I got used to that when we were living together."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

STATE OF OHIO, OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENY & Co., Toledo, O.

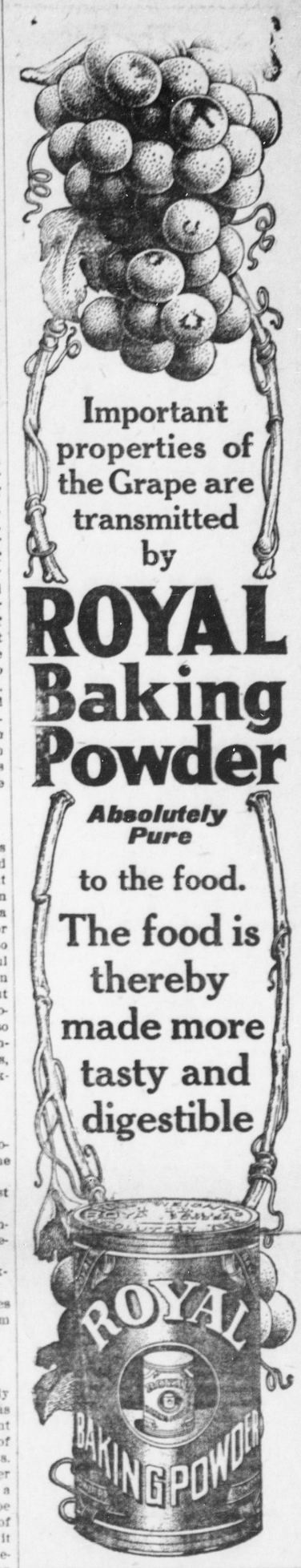
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

For Sale Cheap.

Used engines, boilers, machinery, shatting, boxes, iron pulleys, mandrels, saw mill, automatic mill, lath mill and bolter, iron cylinder, heavy chains for log jack work, smoke stack, 80ft. wrought iron fence and two gates, spark arrester, cast iron pipe 11 inch diameter, two boilers, drag saw, 1 large and two small office desks, one counter with drawers, steel ceiling, odd lot of lumber, moulding, etc.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
11-10-4t. Bellefonte, Pa.



Penny-A-Word Column.

Wanted—Young men to learn automobile business by mail and prepare for positions as chaffeurs and repair men. We make you expert in ten weeks; assist you to secure position. Pay big; work pleasant, demand for men great; reasonable; write for particulars and sample lesson. Empire Automobile Institute, Rochester, N. Y.

Lot For Sale—A desirable lot at Coleville is offered for sale, 150x50 feet; located along tracks of Bellefonte Central Railroad; desirable site for home. For terms apply to Robert Cole, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Agent in your city. No capital needed. Agent make $3.00 to $5.00 daily. Address, Quackenbush, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Hereford Cattle—A few choice young Herefords, of each sex, for sale; breed from Registered Stock. Owen Underwood & Sons, Fleming, Pa.

ANY LADY can easily make from $18.00 to $25.00 per week working for me quietly in her own home locality. This is a bonafide offer—one which will pay you to investigate, even if you can only spare two hours per day. No investment required. Turn your spare time into money. Write me at once for particulars. Address Mary B. Taylor, Box 30, Woman's Building, Joliet Illinois.

Wanted—Dining room girl and chambermaid wanted at Central Hotel, Tyrone, Pa., Good wages.

For sale—Good safe sound family horse. Must sell on account of moving away. Inquire 239 E. Bishop Street. Bell phone 136-2 Bellefonte.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.35
Butter, per pound	.32
Lard, per pound	.14
Tallow, per pound	.05
Potatoes, per bushel	.40
Onions, yellow, per bushel	.60

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.85
Wheat, red	.20
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.50
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.50
Oats, (per bu.)	.35
Rye, (per bu.)	.65
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

J. R. Pheasant, of Mt. Eagle, was a visitor here a day or two ago.

George H. Leathers this week shipped sixty bushels of buckwheat to Gamble & Gheen, at Bellefonte.

Ex-Sheriff Robert W. Cook recently made a large shipment of corn and oats to Snow Shoe.

Mrs. C. D. Tanner, of Bellefonte, was here for the funeral of her mother, the late Mrs. George D. Johnston.

A. M. Long and Harry Wetzel were Bellefonte visitors on Saturday.

Quite a delegation from Howard attended the annual election and banquet of the Masons, at Bellefonte, on Tuesday night. In the party were A. D. Gledhill, Dr. W. J. Kurtz, F. M. Pletcher, John Weber, William Weber, Chester Moore, Charles Bowes, Jesse Leathers and Matthew Rogers, Jr.

Charles Smith transacted business in Lock Haven on Tuesday.

Russell Schenck, who has been employed at the Clinton Hotel, at Mill Hall, is now home.

Mr. and Mrs. Marius Miner and Mrs. W. L. Cooke made a shopping trip to Lock Haven on Monday.

Ray Poorman, second trick man at W. D. tower, has moved to Mill Hall.

John Lyon recently shipped a carload of chemical wood to Newport. John Confer shipped a carload of pit posts to a point near Pittsburg.

Mrs. J. M. Loder last week visited with friends in Eagleville and Beech Creek.

Christ Wagner, of Beech Creek, was here over Sunday.

G. H. Leathers moved into his new home today.

Miss Minnie Heverly visited Miss Lulu Stover, at Mill Hall, this week.

Lewis Boone on Tuesday opened a store in the E. D. Robb place, in Marsh Creek, Mr. Robb having started a general merchandise store at Avis.

Mr. Sweetwood, a friend of Rev. W. W. Rhoads, is paying a visit to Howard and at the same time devoting a few hours to his profession, that of an optician.

Miss Sue Holter, of Curtin, spent several days last week visiting her many friends in Howard.

Mrs. S. H. Bennison was an over-Sunday visitor at the home of S. H. Williams in Bellefonte.

John Lucas, an old time resident of Howard, but who for many years has been seeking his fortune in the west, is paying a visit to the scenes of his boyhood days and greeting old friends. Mr. Lucas is a veteran of the Civil war.

The extremely cold weather of last week froze over the old Bald Eagle dam and for several days the young folks enjoyed skating on its glassy surface.

Miss Susie Pletcher, teacher of the intermediate school, was compelled to close her school on account of being ill with pleurisy, but has again sufficiently recovered to reopen. Her mother, Mrs. Silence Pletcher, who was indisposed for several weeks, is again in better health.

Mrs. J. H. Wagner suffered an attack of indigestion on Monday.

Aged Mrs. Michael Confer sustained a painful injury when she accidentally fell and broke her wrist.

Edward Taylor, son of Rev. and Mrs. Rollin S. Taylor, who has been employed in West Virginia for some time as a stenographer, returned home on Tuesday for a visit with his parents.

Next Sunday forenoon at eleven o'clock Rev. A. H. Jolly, of Ben Avon, Pa., will occupy the pulpit at the Christian chapel for the Presbyterian congregation of this vicinity. The congregations at this place and Jacksonville are at present without a pastor and this is one of the calls they have made looking toward the selection of a leader. A cordial invitation is given to all to attend.

Runville.

James Lucas, who is employed at Cherry Run, spent Sunday at his home.

Mrs. Clara Iddings, of Wingate, was the guest of Mrs. James Lucas over Sunday.

D. F. Poorman and wife are visiting at Butler.

Mrs. John Coakley, of Julian, recently visited Runville friends.

Myra Lucas is employed in Bush Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wise are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine little son. Congratulations.

Charles Rogers is employed at Dix Run.

Miss Tacy Lucas visited her brother, Claude, at Snow Shoe a few days last week.

Pine Grove Mills.

Sleigh bells are jingling and pretty girls are beaming.

Martin A. Dreibilbis is critically ill, with three doctors in attendance.

Harry Collins, of Pitcairn, spent Sunday with his parents, on West Main Street.

Harry McCracken and sister, Lizzie, were Bellefonte visitors on Saturday.

J. Will Kepler was to Bellefonte on Saturday and spent some time at the Temple of Justice.

Tomorrow the nimrods can hide their guns till the next year's season comes.

Scott Bailey, while walking in his shop, had a tumble, pealing his shins, scratching his face and mashing his gold glasses.

Our undertaker, A. J. Tate, had charge of J. B. Heberling's affairs last week, the latter being a witness at the Delige trial.

Little Warren Bailey, who has been critically ill the last ten days, is recovering.

Samuel Gilliland, of Reedsville, was taken to the Hollidaysburg sanitarium last Thursday for treatment. He was well and favorably known throughout the central part of the State as a drover. In more recent years he has lived a retired life.

William K. Corl last week finished hulling over one thousand bushels of clover seed. The yield in the township is about twelve hundred bushels.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. McFry, with their two boys, spent Sunday at Grandpa Corl's home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fortney sleighed up from Tusseyville and spent Sunday with friends in town.

On account of the illness of his baby boy, J. H. Bailey was excused from jury duty this week.

Insurance agent and Justice of the Peace W. H. Musser this week came up from Bellefonte and adjusted losses from fire at the College laundry. The Squire looks none the worse for the shaking up he got in the Quarter Sessions Court. Hey, Squire!

Professor M. I. Mairs, of Washington Grange; Harry Koch, of Leonard Grange, and Mr. and Mrs. David Campbell, of Victor Grange are representatives to the State Grange, in session this week at Butler. In the event no candidate from Butler comes up for Steward, Mr. Koch will be a candidate. If elected, Harry would make an excellent official.

Gee Whiz, but its cold! The mercury tallied 16 below, Saturday morning, down at Tadpole, 14 below at Baileyville, 12 at Fairbrook and 13 at Pine Grove Mils.

Charles H. Meyers finished up his run last week, cleaning up 65 barns in 103 days and threshing 60,000 bushels of the golden grain. Harry Sunday had the largest yield of wheat, J. F. Meyers the most oats and David Baney the banner crop. But then, somebody says the choke cherry crop was a fizzle.

Mr. and Mrs. David Johnstonbaugh are mourning the death their three and one-half years old baby girl, who died from pneumonia on Friday evening, last, after an illness of but five days. Besides the parents, six brothers and sisters mourn the passing away of the little pet. Burial was made on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Pine Hall cemetery, Rev. Mr. Sasserman officiating.

Three of Perry Woodford's children are under the doctor's care with throat trouble.

On Tuesday evening Professor White took his High School class for a sled ride to State College, where they were hospitably entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Musser. The evening was spent in wholesome fun, and good music and concluded with a royal feast.

The Pine Grove Mills shop windows are ablaze with Christmas goods. Why go elsewhere when you can buy just as cheaply and well at home?

Sudden Death at Philipsburg.

A sudden death at Philipsburg, on Sunday, last, was that of Samuel R. Mitchell, one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of that place. He dropped over dead while walking in the street. He had suffered several previous strokes of paralysis. Deceased was born at Marietta, Lancaster County, April 8, 1835, making his age 75 years, 8 months and 3 days. He was a member of Company B, 148th Pennsylvania Volunteers and also of the John W. Geary post, No. 90, G. A. R. Mr. Mitchell had resided in Philipsburg for about 34 years.

Scotia.

Mrs. Thomas Dewey, of Tyrone and Mrs. Irvin Wertz, of Milwaukee, last week visited friends at Scotia, it being Mrs. Wertz's first visit in Pennsylvania. She is very much pleased with the country and the people. Mrs. Dewey is just the person to pilot a stranger about, especially in the country where they are butchering, as was the case when they visited Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roop are visiting their daughter at Mt. Carmel.

Mrs. Jesse Pennington, who has been so seriously ill for several weeks that for a time her life was hanging in the balance, is much better at this writing, which is joyous news to her numerous friends. She is receiving the very best of care and is being nursed by Miss Keller, a trained nurse, from Bellefonte.

Roy Farber "threw one" all over his friends here last week, when they received the announcement of his wedding having taken place on the 26th. of last month. The wedding ceremony was performed in East End, Pittsburg. Such is life, Roy, and we all join in wishing you a long life and the best in the land, but you will find that the man who gets out and hustles is the one who wins in this busy old world of today.

Everybody here is perfectly satisfied with the verdict in the Delige case. Ever since the murder of Mrs. Baudis, on October 16th., the "Bellefonte Republican" has kept us posted on every move in the case, and on Saturday night, just three hours after the Court House bell rang, we had a special edition of "The Republican" here, giving all the details of the trial, from beginning to end, and also the verdict, for which we are very thankful. On every door in Scotia the latch string hangs outside for the editor of "The Republican", and now would be the time for him to come, for almost every day there is a butchering dinner.

B. F. Johnstonbaugh, of Braddock, is making his annual visit to Centre County. Ben can stay away until butchering time, but when that period comes he quietly slips over the mountain and gets away with enough pork to last him a year. He can wink the other eye when the meat man wants to sell him 20-cent ham out there.

We notice by "The Republican" that Harvey Weaver made a good impression in the office down there, especially among the ladies. We don't like to tell tales out of school, but for the sake of the ladies we will this time. Harvey is private property and without life insurance we would advise them not to trespass.

Mt. Eagle.

Miss Pearl Gates, who is teaching at Juniata, and her brother, William, employed on the railroad at Cumberland, Md., were called home a few days ago by the serious condition of their father. At this writing the latter is somewhat better.

Mrs. J. B. Leathers, who spent two or three months with her son, Haupt, at Dixon, Tenn., arrived home last Wednesday. Haupt accompanied her is mixing business and pleasure during a short visit.

Mrs. John Leathers and her sister, Miss Ethel Bitner, were in Lock Haven on Saturday, greeting friends and attending to a little shopping.

Frank Deitz and daughter, Anna, and also William Deitz were in Lock Haven on Saturday for the funeral of a daughter of George Deitz.

Thomas Shawley, who lives in the ridges, was a Lock Haven visitor on Saturday.

Two of Howard's charming damsels took supper a day or two ago at the home of Miss Ethel Bitner.

John Thomas and Al. Strickland were visitors to Bellefonte on Saturday evening.

Miss, Norah Schenck, who lives in Bellefonte, was home for the butchering.

Jim. Fraley, who works on a farm at Nittany, was a recent visitor at the Frank Deitz home.

Al. Robertson, who is employed at Monument, digging coal, spent a few days at his home, here.

Woodward.

Mr. and Mrs. Runkle and daughter, Miss Flossie, are visiting friends in Brush Valley.

Mrs. Hosterman and daughters, Misses Bertha and Lida, spent Sunday with the former's sister, Mrs. Corman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wolfe spent Sunday at the J. J. Orndorf home.

Professor Charles Kreamer and wife, from Aaronsburg, visited over Saturday and Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kreamer.

Mrs. Phoebe Wise visited several days with her son, Samuel Orndorf, at Madisonburg, last week.

Bishop Swengel preached in the United Evangelical church on Sunday morning, last.

Daniel Stover and Roy Orndorf are on the sick list.

Unionville.

Rev. R. S. Oyler delivered a sermon to men, only, in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday, December 11, at 2.30 P. M. A male quartette rendered some fine music. Mr. Oyler's 5-year-old daughter sang a beautiful piece, entitled "if Papa will only be there."

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Blazer and the former's sister, of Oak Hall, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alford Hazle.

William Keatley, who has been suffering from a slight attack of paralysis in his right side, is slowly recovering. Mr. Keatley has partly lost the sight of his right eye.

Edward Barton, we are glad to note, is slowly recovering.

The revival meeting in progress in the Methodist Episcopal church is meeting with good success. Over twenty-five persons have been converted, with bright prospects of more to follow.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clears eyed, clear-brained, clear-skinned.

REVERSING AN ADAGE

By HARVEY DALTON

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Force is the basis of everything. Force keeps us moving—indeed, alive. And, strange to say, force is the basis of Christianity. Perhaps what I mean will be plainer when I have told my story.

I had been a clergyman of the Second Presbyterian church in our town for several years when I began to be a doubter. I first doubted the miracles. That's the way all skeptics begin, and they think that if the miracles were out of the way they could believe all the rest. It was hard to get up in the pulpit every Sunday and preach what I didn't believe myself. Finally I applied for a leave on the usual clergyman's ground—a bad throat—and went on a sea voyage.

The ship I sailed in was a tramp. I was told that they had had fine weather for three months. Some of them said they'd be glad to see a hurricane, they had got so tired of sunshine and light breezes. But the day after I got aboard the weather changed, and, sure enough, the hurricane they wanted broke on us furiously. We were three days fighting seas set going by wind traveling at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. We had everything battened down, but the waves pounded out the glass over the cabins and so much water poured into the hold that all hands—passengers and all—were called upon to man the pumps.

During all this never did a sailor pass me but he scowled at me, and occasionally they would gather in knots, talking and shooting malignant glances at me. I didn't know what it meant, and before I found out the wind died down. But it came up again, and we went through three more days of much the same kind of weather. When this second storm was over I was standing on the deck one afternoon looking at a rainbow which seemed to me a bow of promise when a number of sailors headed by an old salt with rings in his ears came up to me, and the old fellow said:

"Parson, we've come to the conclusion that you're bringing these storms on us, and we don't want no more of 'em. We're goin' to pitch you overboard."

Seeing a capstan bar near me, I seized it to use as a means of defense, but a man behind me was too quick for me, and I was held in a titanic grip. This gave the others a chance. They closed and over I went.

The men continued to look over the side of the vessel to see what became of me, especially as that place was alive with sharks, and I had scarcely struck the surface when a big fellow gave a slow flap of his tail and floated toward me. I'm a good swimmer and had no difficulty in keeping on the surface. Besides, I had hung on to the capstan bar, which was enough to float me anyway. The shark came slowly up to me, turned on its side with a view to taking me in, opened wide its scissor jaws and—

Here the turning point of my story comes in. I put one end of the capstan bar on his lower jaw, and, just as the two started to get together, I wedged the other end in just back of his teeth on his upper jaw. And there he was.

I was floating about between the two rows of teeth, hanging on to the middle of the bar. Then when I was satisfied the shark could not bite I just floated out and up to the surface.

Nothing succeeds like success. The sailors who watched what I had done threw lines down to me and hauled me up again on deck.

The first thought that came into my head was the miracle I had most doubted—that of the prophet Jonah. I saw it in a different light than ever before. Hadn't I just been through a more remarkable occurrence? And how had I escaped? By the same way as I had been tossed overboard—force. I made up my mind to stop doubting and go to work. I saw that the sailors, after my experience with the shark, were afraid of me, and I resolved to profit by their fear. I proposed thereafter to preach the gospel peaceably when I could, forcibly when I must.

"Every man Jack of you," I thundered, "come aft to prayers!"

I led them to the after deck, not a man refusing to follow, and gave them half an hour's service. I established two services a day, and at every service I read them the story of the prophet Jonah, at the end asking them if any one of them disbelieved it. The first day one man said it was all a lie. I knocked him down. He got up, and I knocked him down again, and he kept getting up and I knocking him down, till at last he said, "I believe you, parson, and I reckon you're the man that lived three days in the whale's belly yourself."

Since then I have believed that force even in our calling is better than persuasion. At any rate, there are cases where persuasion won't work, but force will. And if there is any place where force will work better than persuasion it's among a ship's crew. I remained aboard that ship seven months, and I found the only way to induce the men to believe anything extraordinary was to hammer it into them. I thrashed a man into believing the story of Samson, two men for doubting the story of Joshua making the sun stand still and every man of the crew for ridiculing the falling of the walls of Jericho at the blowing of a ram's horn.

Suggestions For CHRISTMAS

FOR LADIES	FOR MEN
A Comb and Brush Set	1 Box of Black and White Cigars
A Bottle of Cherice Perfume	" " Cuba Roma "
A Utility Bag	" " Official Seal "
A Pocket Book	A Shaving Set
A Box of Chocolates	A Good Hair Brush
A Hot Water Bag	A Pocket Book
A Hand Mirror	

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The Royal Standard $65

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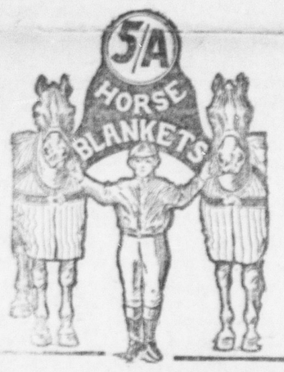

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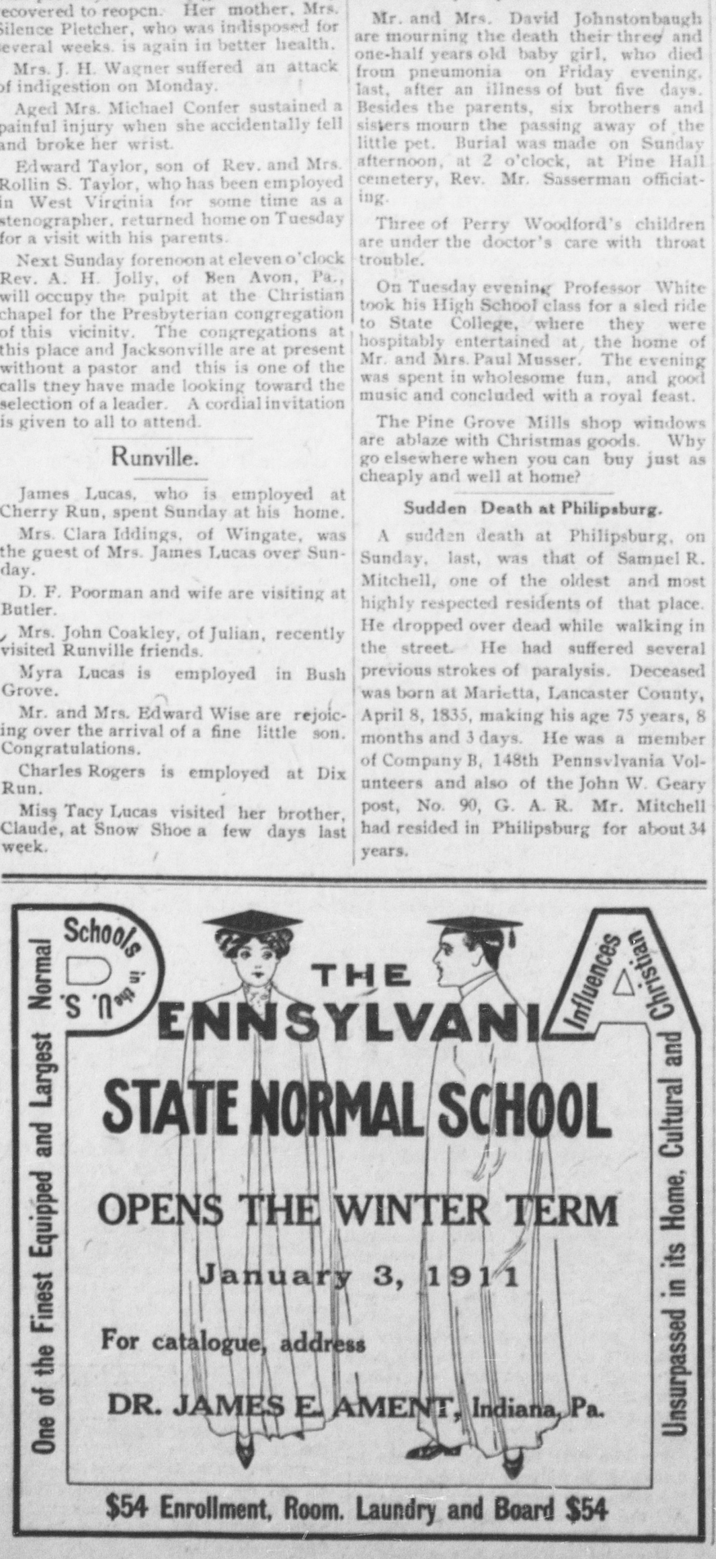
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Married by Accident

A Man Wins a Wife by Getting Into the Wrong House.

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

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On —— street is a block of ten houses, every house exactly like every other house. I once lived in one of these houses, and I never went home but I ran a risk of getting into the wrong house.

In the fourth house was a young lady whose appearance I especially admired. I considered her very pretty, and she was certainly very stylish.

"Now, that's just the girl I would like for a wife," I used to say when I saw her going into or coming out of her home.

One afternoon I went home, and, finding the front door ajar, I walked in, put my hat and overcoat in the hall closet and went upstairs to a sitting room on the second floor. The room was shut in by brick walls, and I seldom sat there without turning on the light. Being tired, I threw myself into an easy chair and, closing my eyes, sat thinking on a matter of business that had occurred during the day. Presently, hearing a footstep and looking up, I saw a woman's figure standing in the doorway. There was not enough light to distinguish who she was, but I was not long kept in ignorance. She pressed a button beside the door, and a bright electric light showed me the girl who lived two doors from me.

"How is this?" I stammered. "Have I got into the wrong house?"

"I expect you have," replied the girl.

"Pardon me. I assure you I had no idea— I'm very careless."

At that moment I heard the front door close. The girl heard it, too, and changed countenance.

"Good gracious, my aunt!" she exclaimed.

"Well?"

"It is very unfortunate your being here. She is a very suspicious woman."

"I see. It would grieve me terribly to have her think"—

"Dear me, she's coming up here!"

"Can I get out without meeting her?"

"No. Go in there."

She shut me up in a large closet, and the next minute I heard the harsh voice of an old woman in the adjoining room.

"Lois," she said severely, "that young man you admire so much who lives in this block is in this house. I was sitting in Mrs. Deacon's window, next door, and saw him come up and walk in at the front door. What are you doing in this room with all this light turned on?"

"Why, Aunt Jane, you must be mistaken."

"Mistaken! Do you think I haven't eyes? Oh, heavens, Lois! Can it be possible that you are—are a wicked, bad girl? Upon my word, I believe you are hiding a lover. I'm going to have a look."

She made for the only place in the room possible for concealment—the closet—and had her hand on the doorknob when I heard a slight scuffle, and the young lady said:

"Aunt Jane, before you open that door I wish to say something to you. I have been deceiving you. I have been wooed and won clandestinely by the young man you have referred to. He is in that closet."

I must hasten to protect the honor of one I had compromised by my stupidity. I flung open the door, put my arm around the girl who had been driven to this falsehood, threw back my head proudly and said dramatically:

"No power on earth shall separate me from my wife."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the old lady.

My reputed wife buried her face in her hands, whether because the seriousness of the matter had occurred to her or whether to conceal laughter at its absurdity I did not know.

"Do you mean to say," continued the old lady to me, "that you are married to my niece?"

There would be no use in mincing matters. I swore that I was her niece's husband.

"And you, Lois," continued the aunt —"are you really married to him?"

A faint "Yes" came from under the girl's hands.

"Well, well, well! How you two young people could have done your courting without my finding you out is remarkable. How did you manage it?"

"Love laughs at locksmiths," I said knowingly, not having any explanation ready.

"I should think so," said the aunt impressively. "How long have you been married?"

I didn't dare risk an answer to this question, fearing to be caught in a trap. I threw the burden on my bride.

"Lois, dear," I said, "tell your aunt all about it. She will be more forgiving at getting the story from one she loves. Or would you prefer sitting down with her alone and talking it all over with her?"

"I think I would like to have a little time," stammered Lois faintly.

"And I think I want the whole story this minute," cried the aunt.

"Had I not better withdraw?" I suggested. I was beginning to get very hot in the face. Confound these houses built in blocks! I'll never live in one again!

By this time Lois had thought what answer would be less likely to sink us deeper in the mire. It occurred to her that if she said we had just been married the result in the end would be less compromising, so she told her aunt that we had been married that day at noon. She hit upon this hour because she had been away from home at that time. Then her aunt asked if we had been married by a clergyman. Lois, dreading that the old woman would pounce on the dominie, told her that we had been married by a justice of the peace.

"A justice of the peace!" exclaimed the old lady contemptuously. "Do you call that a marriage? I shall telephone for our own rector at once. If you can't be married respectably you shall at least be married religiously."

She was making for the telephone. We both clutched her.

"Madam," I cried, "permit me to say a word. I beg of you to leave me and my—your niece alone together for awhile that we may talk this matter over. These unconventional marriages are liable to bring a stain upon the parties concerned. You certainly don't wish your niece to suffer in that way, do you? Give us an hour to decide as to when and how we shall publish our union to the world."

With a sniff the old lady bounced out of the room.

The girl and I looked at each other. We would have laughed, but the affair was far too serious for mirth.

"You've got me into a terrible pickle," said Lois, much irritated.

"I? I ask a thousand"—

"Why did you say we were married? I only said we were engaged. There was a retreat from that. There is none from marriage."

"An engagement doesn't warrant a girl having a lover in a closet."

"I don't suppose it does."

"Marriage is the only thing that will excuse that."

"But how are we going to get out of it?"

"Can't you confess the whole thing? It's a splendid joke, awfully funny. Hasn't your aunt any sense of humor?"

"About as much as a cat has of poetry."

"What do you suggest?"

"I can't think of anything unless I do as you say—confess—but that would be the same thing as acknowledging criminality. Aunt Jane would never believe anything else."

"Then you can't get out of it without being smirched, at least to your aunt?"

"No, and she can never keep the secret. Others will know it. It will go everywhere. What shall I do?" She wrung her hands.

"There's another trouble in the way," I said. "She asked each of us if we admitted we were married. That 'n the presence of a witness makes us man and wife."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

There was a silence, at the end of which I said:

"I'm responsible for all this. Now let me make an admission. I have seen and admired you before, and I have said to myself, 'That's a girl I would like for my wife.' I heard your aunt refer to me as a person you had"—she hung her head—"had admired. Now, suppose we let the matter rest, pledging your aunt to keep our secret till we can determine what we wish to be the outcome of this singular adventure. I will keep my home; you can keep yours. If we decide not to be man and wife we can find some way out of it with your aunt. If we wish to be married we can have a more pretentious ceremony than the one just performed."

We filled up the hour deliberating, but found no better plan than this. Then we rejoined Aunt Jane, and I acted as spokesman.

"Aunt Jane," I said—"I presume I may now call you aunt—I admit that I have done very wrong in hurrying your niece into a secret marriage, especially since my affairs are not just now in a condition that will enable me to take care of a wife in the style to which she has been accustomed. I ask a short time in which to get them in such condition, and I shall then acknowledge the marriage. As for myself, I would be willing to do this now, but Lois, whom we both love and whose reputation we are both bound to protect, thinks that we had better wait awhile, then announce an engagement and after a brief one celebrate a marriage without saying anything about the one that has occurred. Meanwhile I ask permission to visit my wife just as I would visit her with your permission to win her. I should have taken this course before. The strength of my love for her is my only excuse for not doing so. I am convinced that if she turns out to be as estimable a lady as her aunt I shall have won a treasure."

Aunt Jane gave me reason to be proud of myself for this speech by saying that it was never too late to do the right thing and she hoped I would prove myself as worthy as my words indicated.

I kissed the old lady at my departure, and my wife followed me to the door for the ostensible purpose of receiving a marital salute. I offered to avail myself of the opportunity, but Lois drew back.

I then returned to my own home, having been in the wrong house an hour and a half, during which I had married a wife to whom I had never before spoken a word and had conciliated her guardian.

I was not long winning my wife's consent to a public engagement and soon got my affairs in shape for a public wedding. When we entered the church there was not a person present who knew that the union of the contracting parties occurred from the groom having got into the wrong house.

RICHNESS IN CREAM.

An Expert Sets Up Six Rules That Are Valuable.

According to a thoroughly trained dairyman, these rules should be followed to preserve richness in cream:

First.—Position of cream screw. If the cream screw is turned away from the center of bowl the cream will be thinner; if it is turned toward the center of bowl the cream will be richer.

Second.—Temperature of milk. If other conditions are similar the cream will be richer when the milk is skimmed cold. Skim the milk as it comes from the cow before it has lost the animal heat. By skimming while the milk is warm the separator will do better work.

Third.—Speed of separator. The faster the separator is run the richer the cream will be. A separator should always be turned at the speed recommended by the separator factory.

Fourth.—The inflow of milk. The greater the inflow the more cream and the thinner the cream. If we want to produce cream of uniform thickness it is important that inflow valve is always opened the same. Even then there may be a difference in the inflow of milk owing to the amount of milk in the tank. The higher the milk stands in the tank the greater is the pressure and the faster the milk will run through the separator.

Fifth.—Amount of skimmilk or water used in flushing out separator bowl. For that purpose skimmilk should always be used and not water. Milk will remove the cream more completely, and water is injurious to the flavor.

Sixth.—Richness of milk. Under similar conditions the separator will always give the same amount of cream and skimmilk from the same amount of whole milk. It is evident that it makes considerable difference in the richness of cream whether the milk tests 4 or 3 per cent fat.

MILK FROM THE GOAT.

Boiled and Used With Coffee, It Is Most Delicious.

The average length of a goat's life is about twelve years. Eight goats will subsist upon the amount of feed required for one cow. Some goats give from three to four quarts of milk daily. The proportion of households in Germany that keep goats is 75 per

A TRIA OF ANGORAS.

cent. Their keeping is not confined to the poorer people, but extends to the prosperous middle classes.

Goats are very fond of salt, which serves its purpose best when given properly. While some feeders prefer to supply loose salt at regular intervals, the usual practice is to place a lump of rock salt where the goats can help themselves whenever they desire to do so. If goats are accustomed to the use of salt they will not take too much of it, but instances are related where Angora goats have been killed by a too liberal supply of salt after having been deprived of it for some time.

Boiled and used with coffee, goat's milk is delicious, giving the latter a rich creamy appearance. A few drops in a cup of tea are more than equivalent to a teaspoonful of the milk of a cow.

Rape, Rye or Vetches For Sheep.

It is a fine plan to sow some rape, rye or vetches for the sheep after the flush of pasture has gone by.

THE DAIRYMAN

Pointer on Milking Cows.

A cow with a big bag pressed full of milk cannot be very comfortable. Milk such cows three times a day.

Give the Calf Pure Water.

Give every calf a chance to drink pure, fresh water every day. It may take only a few swallows, but it needs it.

Value of Aeration.

The season of new, lush grass is trying to the dairyman. However, most of the trouble from "cow's breath" may be cured by aeration.

Keeping Spring Calves In Box Stalls.

The spring calves should be kept in roomy box stalls the first summer, so they can be protected from the scalding sun and bothering flies.

Put the Cows on Pasture Early.

This is the time when cows go to pasture through a large part of the country. Give them a good start. Keep them in good heart till they have really made the change from hay to grass. It will pay.

Essentials to Dairy Success.

There are two important essentials to success in the dairy business. One is to make sure you are not feeding an unprofitable cow, and the other is to see to it that you get all that is coming to you when you sell her products.

THE CAMPHOR LANGUAGE.

Used In Johore Because of a Malay Superstition.

In Johore, on the Malay peninsula, there is employed one of the strangest languages in the world, used for a most curious purpose. This tongue is called Pantang Kapor or "camphor language," and is a medium employed by natives and others engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor tree, but only when they are at work.

It is a superstition of these natives that should they use the language of the district, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, they would be unable to obtain their camphor.

The Malay natives firmly believe that each species of tree has a spirit or guardian angel that presides over its affairs, this spirit being known by the name of Bisan. This divinity's resting place is near the trees. Then, too, the spirit of the camphor tree is held to be extremely jealous of the precious gum, so that it becomes necessary to propitiate her, inasmuch as she would, should she learn that hunters were in quest of it, endeavor to interpose obstacles to their mission. Accordingly the natives speak in a tongue that the tree spirit may not understand. It was for this purpose that the mysterious "camphor language" was invented, and it consists of an odd mixture of Jakun and Malay words that have been curiously altered and reversed.—Harper's Weekly.

CRATER LAKES.

Mexico Has Some of the Most Perfect of These Peaceful Pools.

The mere words "crater lake" carry with them a charm and mystery that are akin to romance. But Mexico, with all her romance, has never given abroad any description of some of the most beautiful crater lakes in the world. Valle de Santiago, a little town of the state of Guanajuato, boasts four of the most perfect and beautiful of such lakes.

The village nestles among eleven craters, all formed in some past age by sudden explosions from the interior of the earth, explosions that blew out a great amount of earth, formed low cones and subsided without flow of lava or other demonstration than the single explosion. They are what are known to science as "explosion craters."

The calm restfulness of the crater lake is unlike anything in the world. One finds lakes and solitary pools in forests or mountain fastnesses, and the calm there is akin to witchery, but they are stirred sometimes by passing breezes, and the trees will wave above in the wind. But in a crater lake there is not a breath that will stir it, and even a stone cast into its bosom creates ripples that seem as though they would be swallowed ere they are born. Peace is a word without a meaning until one lies silent on the slope of such a crater, with such a lake at his feet.—Mexican Herald.

Bedouins and Water.

It is not unusual to hear a Bedouin upon reaching a camp where water is offered him refuse it with the remark, "I drank only yesterday." On the Bedouins' long marches across dry countries the size of the water skins is nicely calculated to just outlast the journey, and they rarely allow themselves to break the habit of abstemiousness, as this would be sure to make their next water fast all the harder. They are accustomed from infancy to regard water as a most precious commodity and use it with religious economy. They know every hollow and nook in the mountains where water may be found. Their camels and goats, which they take with them on their marches to supply them with milk and meat, live principally on the scanty herbage and foliage of the thorny mimosa. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. No wonder they can subsist where invaders quickly perish.

Mice That Subsist on Scorpions.

Among the queer forms of animal life that inhabit Death valley is a mouse that has acquired such a taste for scorpions that they form its entire bill of fare. The scorpion carries its formidable armament in the end of its slender, elongated abdomen in the shape of an exceedingly venomous hooked sting. When disturbed it elevates this in the air and goes in search of its disturber. But it is comparatively slow in its motions, while mice are proverbial for their quickness the world over. The mouse learned many generations ago where the scorpion carries its weapon, and when he meets it he leaps at the uplifted abdomen, takes off the sting at a single bite and proceeds to make a meal of his helpless prey. It is supposed to be the only animal that relishes scorpions.

A Point of Information.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "if the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia was the cause of the man's death the prisoner cannot be convicted."

An hour later a messenger came from the jury room.

"The gentlemen of the jury, my lord," he said, "desire information."

"On what point of evidence?"

"None, my lord. They want to know how to spell 'pneumonia.'"—London Answers.

His Last Words.

Detective (in search of clew)—Can you recall the last words your husband addressed to you before he went away? Deserted Wife—Yes. He said "Maria, for heaven's sake do hush!"—Sheffield Union.

Christmas At Marlin's

The Day When the Pride of Ten Years Melted Away

By JOHN C. WHARTON

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In the middle of the long dining room the small table was an oasis of light. Benjamin Marlin sat alone under the softly shaded electrolier, his strong hand idly playing with the stem of his wineglass.

The light shone on pale, sharply cut features and hair prematurely gray. It was a handsome countenance, but overcast with habitual gloom that lingered in the fine gray eyes and was written about the well cut lips.

A negro servant moved slowly to and fro vainly proffering this or that tempting dish for the notice of his master. At last the servitor moved toward the door and stood there at attention; it irritated Benjamin Marlin to have a servant behind his chair.

At last the man at the table lifted his head and looked around the expanse of snowy damask, glittering with silver and cut glass. In the center a bowl of crimson carnations flamed richly.

"Caleb!" he said sharply.

"Yes, Marse Ben," was the eager reply.

"Do you know what day it is?" Marlin's face wrinkled into a bitter smile.

"Yes, sah; it's Christmas eve," replied Caleb, with an expectant glance at his employer.

"Hannah understands that my orders are still in force?"

Caleb's face lengthened. "You mean, Marse Ben, dat you don't want no Christmas dinner cooked in dis house?"

"That is what I mean, and I don't want anything served that approaches a Christmas dinner, understand? Hannah will know what to do—just as you have done for the past ten years."

The servant bowed respectfully and turned away with bent shoulders. "Yes, Marse Ben," he said brokenly.

Down in the warm kitchen big black Hannah was washing dishes with a clatter and bang that threatened to bring disaster upon the Marlin chinaware. She turned a white turbaned head toward her husband as he entered the room.

"You needn't say a word, Cale, honey," she ejaculated. "I kin see by yore face dat he's not gwine to have no Christmus dis year!"

"I dunno what we're coming to," groaned Caleb. "It ain't scarcely respectibble not to keep Christmus."

"Respectibble!" snorted Hannah angrily. "It ain't righteous. Dere wouldn't nobody but a Satan rid man fly in de face of Christmus for ten years a-running! I don't care if it am Marse Ben Marlin hisself. Don't you look at me dat way, Cale Brown. I reckon I nussed Marse Ben when he was a little boy, and I seed him grow up into a willful tempered young gen'leman who was always let to have his own way. Of co'se when he married a high sperrited gal like Miss Cornelia, who give him as good as he sent and wanted her own way, mebbe, once in awhile, mos' anybody could see dere was bound to be trubble!"

"If Miss Corny hadn't took bofe de young uns with her," mourned Caleb, "we might have had a leetle Christmus instid of cooking fish or cabbage or mos' anything dat don't smell like chicken or tu'key or mince pie. Oh, Lordy, I wish dat debbil could be driv outer Marse Ben and he'd send for 'em all to come home."

"Twelve years and t'ree months to a day," calculated Caleb mournfully. "I reckon I shall run away from Marse Ben before next Christmus, Hannah, and you kin run too. I shall try to find Miss Cornelia, and mebbe she'd take us I expect she has a sight of trubble wid help down in Philadelphia."

"Humph! You knows as well as I does dat Miss Cornelia don't keep no help. Ain't we heard time and ag'in dat she's teachin' folks how to sing and play de pianner and wo'king her pretty self to skin and bones to take care of dem chillen—an' too proud to take a penny from him for dere keep? It makes my blood bile, Cale, to think of dem chillen a-fixin' up a Christmus box for dere pa each Christmus and him having it put up in de nursery without even untying de string! It's a biling shame to be so proud as Marse Ben!"

Their indignant voices floated up the forgotten open shaft of the dumb waiter into the dining room overhead, where the object of their remarks sat with a white stony face fixed unseeingly on the opposite wall, where long rows of stiff necked ancestors looked down on this member of their race, the most proud and stiff necked of them all and the most unhappy.

When the voices had sunk to a low grumble Benjamin Marlin arose and left the room. He did not cross the hall to his library, as was his usual custom, but turned and went slowly up the circular staircase to the second floor. His own apartments were on the north side, but on the south there stretched a sunny suit of rooms. They had belonged to Cornelia, his wife, and behind them were the nurseries.

For the first time in ten years he unlocked the nursery door and entered the room. He reached up and snapped on the electric lights and looked around.

Hannah's loving hands had kept the pretty room spotlessly clean. The miniature furniture brought back a sharp pang to his heart as he remembered the delightful days he and Cornelia had spent in selecting it, but he stifled the thought of Cornelia and tried to recollect nothing save his two children. They were his, and he had accepted their banishment from his presence with a hardening heart—a heart that now acknowledged that he had been unjust to Cornelia, that he had restricted her in many ways that must have chafed the pride of a high spirited girl such as his wife had been.

His own character had changed in a measure. He could see and appreciate Cornelia's position.

Each Christmas week had brought a package from the twins. At first it had been addressed in Cornelia's handwriting, but afterward it came to Benjamin superscribed in round childish characters that became firmer every year and marked the development of the twins' education. The packages were there in the nursery, on the little white beds—ten packages that had come by mail or express and had never been untied. Old Caleb had received orders to place them in the nursery, and each year he had carried them there with tear brimmed eyes. Afterward he and Hannah would laugh and cry over their own Christmas remembrances that had come from the same source.

Never by word or sign had Benjamin Marlin recognized the receipt of the packages, nor had he ever sent any gifts to his children. It is hard to understand the bitterness that was so deep welled and yet so near to tenderness that the man was afraid to open the packages lest he be moved to tears. He was fearful to recognize the Christmas festival in any degree—there were such painful recollections of the first two Christmases after the twins had been born. At first he had tried running away from the Christmas merrymaking, but wherever his wandering feet carried him there was the joyous observance of the great anniversary. Benjamin Marlin couldn't run away from Christmas—it was everywhere. So he fixed the habit of shutting himself in his own house during those holidays.

Now he looked longingly at the packages on the beds and with a sudden impulse crossed the room and laid his hand on one. It was the first one, and Cornelia must have prompted its sending, for the twins were only three then. Cornelia must have had a strong sense of duty, he admitted as he cut the cords.

Inside was a small box containing a very much soiled and laboriously constructed splint picture frame, undoubtedly the work of childish fingers. That was from Bobby, as the attached card indicated. Another bit of kindergarten work was Dorothy's offering, a watch chain made of colored beads. In the bottom was a little photograph of the twins. Suddenly the picture frame and the chain and the photograph were blotted out from Benjamin Marlin's eyes in a mist of tears.

He went through the packages one by one until he came to the one that had arrived that morning. All the gifts were of home construction—there was one from each twin and always their photograph, a new one, in the bottom. That was Cornelia's mute contribution. This last package betrayed the fact that Dorothy, a charming lass of twelve now, was a clever water colorist, while Bobby had carved an inkstand from a handsome piece of Cuban mahogany.

As the evening wore on Marlin sat there on the white fur rug beside the little bed, his head leaning against the snowy counterpane, surrounded by the tender remembrances by the children who evidently loved their father so devotedly. The last six packages had contained letters from the twins thanking him warmly for the lovely presents he had sent them and begging him to write to them.

It was this last straw that almost broke Marlin's proud heart. He had never sent the children a gift. It must have been Cornelia who had done that in his name and thus kept his memory fresh in their loving hearts.

He did not hear the ringing of the doorbell nor the excited voices of Caleb and Hannah lifted in delighted surprise. He did not note the hush that followed and then the soft footfalls of several persons on the carpeted stairs. Hannah's pass key turned in the door of the adjoining room, and then, as if attracted by the light, the footsteps approached the open doorway and paused.

Then Benjamin Marlin looked up and saw his wife and children for the first time in ten years—saw them looking wistfully at him. Cornelia, more beautiful than ever, with the proud, spirited eyes humbled in appeal to his; the eager loving faces of his own children turned to his in joyous expectation.

"Can you forgive me for not coming to you, dear heart?" whispered Marlin to his wife. "I would have reached you in the morning."

"Can you forgive me for taking them away from you, my husband?" she pleaded. "I am so much to blame."

The door closed softly behind Hannah and her husband, and they tiptoed down the stairs with awed and happy faces. When they reached the bottom Hannah lumbered into the telephone alcove and rang frantically.

"What you doing, honey?" demanded Caleb.

"I'm ordering de Christmas dinner, of co'so. I want de bigges' tu'key I can git—hello, yere, is dis de butcher?"

Caleb executed a double shuffle on the parquet floor and then stopped abruptly. "Oh, Lordy me! I's got to git out and find a Christmas tree for dem chillens and some green stuff and holly. Well, dis am going to be a Christmas at last!"

A Blackberry Craze

By M. QUAD

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Hawkinsville is a village in the shadow of a certain New England mountain. It is called the laziest place in its state, and rightly so. Ten years ago a stranger came along and gave it its deathblow, and in a rather queer way.

There was a tavern at Hawkinsville. There was little need of one, as very few strangers ever found the place, but there was one, and it was kept by a lazy man. There was a blacksmith shop, and its owner was lazy. It was the same with the butcher, the cooper and others. Laziness and content prevailed.

Just why this laziness should have irritated a traveler who rested at the tavern for a few days was a puzzle. He was not in the best of health, and he wanted peace and rest, but the laziness and serenity of others appeared to gall him. The weather was hot, and of an afternoon about 200 men would occupy the long veranda of the hotel.

It was about time for the blackberry season to open. The mountain sides and the fringes of the highways were thick with blackberry bushes, and the crop of berries promised to be unusually large that season. It was from seeing a freckled faced boy with a basket of berries on his arm that the stranger must have got his idea. The landlord was lazy. His son, who waited on the table, was lazy. The stranger called them into consultation. He first swore them to secrecy. Then he admitted to being a resident of Philadelphia and a wine dealer. He had invented a new champagne, and the basis of it was blackberry wine. He was up in that blackberry country to secure it.

The lazy landlord lazily figured, but his figures proved to him that he could make more profit in one day picking berries than running his tavern for sixty. Four dollars per day were his figures, and there were four of them to pick and press. The four started out next morning. Yes, they let some of their friends in on the ground floor. That was the reason why Hawkinsville got the blackberry craze. In two days it had everybody wild.

There is no man so lazy that he won't pick blackberries. The bushes are high, and you don't have to bend over. In some cases you can sit down and pick. All you have to do is to reach out a hand. You can fall asleep, take a refreshing nap and then wake up and go to picking again. The champion lazy men of Hawkinsville got a move on them. Four dollars a day and they could keep together and talk as they picked! The women went out. The children went out. Old grandfathers and grandmothers went out. A certain citizen who had been told that he would die within three days braced up and lived two weeks in order to give his family a chance to go berrying.

When about forty people are engaged in hunting the blackberry there must be results. They came in at night with full baskets and pails, and before they slept the berries were turned into wine and bottled and jugged and kegged. The champagne man was on hand to speak encouraging words. He even went out and did a little picking himself and turned over the berries to the widows and the fatherless.

One day a lightning rod man drove into the town. He had been there before. He knew how lazy everybody was, and he longed to throw strenuosity aside for awhile and mingle with them. No one on the tavern veranda—only a lame man in sight on the streets. The town was dead.

"Yaller fever?" he asked of the lame man.

"Nope."

"Cholera?"

"Nope."

"Smallpox around?"

"Nope."

"Then what does this mean?"

"Blackberries and $4 a day."

When the lightning man had heard the full particulars he shut one eye and held it closed for a long minute before saying:

"Jest so; jest so. Blackberry boom. Blackberry champagne. Blackberry stranger. Well, it ain't any of my funeral. If a town is bound and determined to kill herself it won't do no good for one man to talk."

"What's the matter?" asked the lame man.

"Oh, I ain't wanting to interrupt the fun, but lemme ask you if you ever heard that champagne was made of blackberries?"

"I never knowed how it was made."

"Well, mebbe you'll find out. When the inhabitants come back tonight jest tell 'em I was here and when I heard about the champagne business I winked my eye—the left eye. Tell 'em I never wink that eye unless there's something doing."

It was the last of the blackberry season. The bushes had been stripped for four miles around. On the last day of picking all the green ones had been taken as well. The pickers came back to find the champagne man gone. They came back to learn what the lightning man had said. They clung to their faith for a week, and then they decided that they had been cadoodled. Then they called a public meeting and "resolved that every durned critter in the town of Hawkinsville be lazier than ever to make up for this boom."

And that's why there have been no funerals in the town since. The people are too lazy to die.

A SURE CURE; TRY IT.

Say, when you feel the rheumatiz
A-twistin' up your j'ints
Don't run fur that ole demmyjo'n
An' swig a couple pints.
Jist git that double bitted ax
An' split a hick'ry rail—
Yep, chop a cord o' hick'ry wood.
Here's your sure cure; can't fail.

But mebbe you've got dyspepsy
An' can't eat rich pie dough.
Jist cum along—here's a sure cure—
Cum git the garden hoe.
Now wallop that big tater patch—
Yep, hill 'em up real high.
Your appetite will quick cum back.
My, but the grub will fly!

Perhaps your eyes is out o' fix
An' everything looks blue.
Well, there's a lot jist like you, sir,
But here's the cure fur you:
Jist go down to the blacksmith shop
An' git your eyeteeth jerked;
Then go an' hustle at the job
That you so long have shirked.

But mebbe you have got a grouch
An' c'ronic knockin' too.
Well, that's too bad, it's offul sad,
But here's the cure fur you:
Don't bother huntin' up a quack,
Don't use no garden tool;
Jist go down to the hoss stable
An' monkey with the mule.

C. M. BARNITZ.

CHOLERA, LIMBERNECK AND FITS.

Cholera, that dreaded summer disease that seldom comes, and diseases of the digestive organs of like nature have their cause in insanitation, which breeds germs, and in improper feeding, impure water and lack of care in the hot season.

If these particulars are attended to and the fresh drinking water is kept well colored with venetian red (dry) fowls seldom have such ailments.

Limberneck among chicks and adults is mostly caused by eating putrid meat, which affects the nervous system.

Little can be done for small chicks with this trouble.

With an adult case inject a funnel and pour a tablespoonful of turpentine into the crop to kill the maggots.

Fill the crop with water, knead it, turn the fowl down, with open mouth and stretched neck, and squeeze out the contents of the crop.

Follow with a tablespoonful of castor oil.

Epilepsy, or fits, is often attended by a limberneck, but there are symptoms peculiar to this trouble.

The eyes and mouth open spasmodically, fowl beats its wings, turns on its back, jumps up and down, cakewalks in kangaroo style and then often comes suddenly back to normal.

The trouble is mostly caused by intestinal worms.

A tablespoonful of turpentine generally cures fits with old fowls, while ten to twenty grains of powdered areca nut made into flour pills cures young stock.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Of 5,000 live chicks shipped by a fancier but one died in transit. Some traveled 1,500 miles and got there O. K. There may be nothing new under the sun, but keep your eye on the hen.

Our California brethren are feeding their hens beans and claim certain varieties have over 25 per cent protein. Now watch New York egg farmers copy the trick. Why? Those Boston bean eaters will quit New York and send west for Biddle's brown bean beauts.

Milo Hastings and other fowl experts have been wondering why New York prefers white shelled eggs and Boston brown. It is simply New York's "great white way," while Bostonians have that peculiar brown taste which requires everything to match brown beans and Browning.

There are two varieties of wild turkeys in the United States, the northern and Mexican. The northern has a band of chestnut brown across the tips of feathers on tail and body, while these are creamy or silver white in the Mexican. Watch this when buying wild blood.

The French are experts at crate fattening. Their displays of finished poultry at shows and market are a wonder to American market poultry raisers. One rule they have which some crate fatteners on this side could profitably copy—their crates are kept deodorized and clean.

Many complain of the great infertility of eggs the past season, especially farmers who keep Rocks. In their case it is a result of too much fat, for this breed does certainly put on fat quickly, especially when corn is fed generously.

Creameries in Pennsylvania are active buyers of eggs. The Howard creamery from April 1 to 15 bought 6,000 dozens from the farmers and in 1909 paid $11,000 for farm eggs.

Here is the egg trust's argument: They say to the farmer, "If it wasn't for us you'd get nothing for your eggs in summer." They say to the poultryman, "If it wasn't for us you couldn't get the price you do in winter." Then they go to the consumer and say: "We stand between you and the greedy farmer and poultryman. If it wasn't for us they'd take your last cent." Then they lie to everybody: "The population is growing so rapidly the demand exceeds the supply."

A hard boiled egg decorated by his uncle, Easter, April 8, 1860, is the possession of Fred R. Gerst, Altoona, Pa. Will this recital provoke some envious, ancient, cold storage antediluvian to claim priority?

So many breed from the same stock until the product gets smaller and smaller, and finally disease cleans up the coop. A lady recently offered us two Barred Rock hens for setters whose combined weight was only eight pounds. They should have weighed fifteen.

C. M. Barnitz.

A WALKING BATTERY

By JULIUS D. WALKER

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When Johnny Barker was eighteen years old he enlisted in the United States navy as electrician. In the navy Johnny learned two things. He learned all about electrical contrivances, and he learned what were and what were not his rights. Moreover, he associated with men who were trained to fight.

When Johnny's term of enlistment expired he entered the service of a company interested in laying a trolley line in the far west. The road ran between two towns, either of which was bad enough, but both together were frightful. They are cities now, helped to become such by the improvements put in by Johnny Barker, but at that time they had not put away Judge Revolver, who dispensed all the law there was in the territory. Every one told Johnny that he must go about armed if he wished to live, but Johnny said he wouldn't be quick enough with a revolver if attacked and he might as well be shot without one as with one. Indeed, without one he would be saved the labor of carrying about so heavy a weapon.

Johnny went to a dance one night, and among the girls he asked to dance with him was Nora O'Neill, a red headed Irish girl who worked in a house where meals were served to workmen on the trolley line. While the couple were standing on the floor waiting for the piano and fiddle to furnish music a young man indigenous to the country stepped up to Johnny and said:

"I want you to understand yer jumpin' my claim. Don't you do it ag'in."

Having thus put out a warning, the fellow went away. Johnny asked the girl what he meant.

"Oh, he thinks he owns me, but he don't! I wouldn't have nothing to do with such a low down feller."

Johnny danced with Nora several times after that. Jim Turkle, who claimed her for his own, glared at him, but committed no overt act. Johnny was unarmed, and those who knew Jim averred that he would never kill a man without giving him a chance for his life. Since he had killed half a dozen and no one had killed him this didn't seem to be much of an advantage to his enemies.

But before the dance broke up Jim served notice on Johnny that he had better be prepared in the morning either to give or to take a dose of lead.

When 9 o'clock came and Johnny had not been killed the people of the town lined the main street to see the work done. They wouldn't have arisen early to see a fracas of this kind; but, being up, they didn't mind looking on. Johnny had not yet come out of his quarters, and some said he had gone away during the night. Others declared that he was at home and one who had served Uncle Sam wouldn't run away from an enemy.

Meanwhile Johnny, who had made friends with the better class of citizens, was informed by them that Jim Turkle meant what he said and, since he had given notice of his intention, would not spare his enemy because he was unarmed. They advised Johnny to sit up all night and practice firing at a mark and especially at doing quick work with a revolver. But Johnny said he didn't think that he could equal his enemy in that line if he practiced a year. But, though he didn't seem to relish the position he was in, he said he had thought of a method of procedure that would make the chances more equal.

It was about half past 9 that Johnny left his quarters and with his hands in his pockets sauntered down the street, lined with people waiting to see him killed. There was no evidence of a weapon anywhere about him. He wore an ordinary business suit that he had brought with him from the east. If he had carried a weapon under the short sack coat it would have been apparent. Only one change was to be noticed in his apparel. Instead of the sombrero of the country he usually wore he had on a derby. Around it was a very singular band, pierced at every inch by a hole about a quarter of an inch in diameter.

Turkle had been all the morning standing in front of the Alhambra saloon waiting for his victim. Seeing Johnny coming, he advanced to meet him. Jim scowled at his enemy keeping his hands in his pockets, since he should have kept them in readiness to defend himself. Jim could not see a weapon, but supposed Johnny had one concealed. When they came at a fair range Jim sent a bullet at his enemy. Since it failed to hit and Jim was a dead shot, those looking on supposed that it had been fired to warn Johnny that the fight was on.

Then commenced the most remarkable firing that crowd had ever seen. From the holes in Johnny's hatband came a series of smoke puffs, accompanied by sharp reports. Johnny's head was seen to bend slightly, as though he were aiming. He also turned to the right or to the left that he might bring other holes in his hatband to bear on his enemy. Jim was so astonished that he forgot to fire till one of the bullets sent from his enemy's hat pierced his side and paralyzed all effort. He fell and was picked up by his friends, and Johnny passed on.

He had rigged short pistol barrels in his hat; also a battery with wires leading from it to circuit making keys in his pocket.

REAL THREAD OF LIFE.

A Tiny Wisp of Tissue Imbedded In the Heart's Walls.

According to tradition, it was Atropos, the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, who slit the thin spun life, and many of Milton's readers may have wondered whether there was any thread in the anatomy of man the severance of which would be immediately fatal. Injuries to the brain and heart, in both of which the principle of life has been supposed to reside, may be survived for shorter or longer periods; but, as an article by Dr. C. E. Lea reminds us, physiologists have of late years discovered a nerve or bundle of nerves which might well be described as the thread of life. One of the developing sciences of our time is cardiography, the science of the heart beat. The heart, as most people are aware, is divided into auricles and ventricles. The ventricles are the pumping chambers; the auricles are the collecting chambers of the blood and, like the stroke of a racing eight, set the rhythm of the heart beat. A little instrument called the sphygmograph is placed on the wrist pulse and magnifies its movements and traces them with a recording pen in a zigzag curve, telling the observer what the ventricles are doing. Another instrument, the polygraph, placed on the jugular, records the more delicate vibrations of the auricle. With the aid of these two instruments the physician can find what all the four chambers of the heart are doing. Now, the auricular contraction acts as a stimulant or starting shock to the ventricular contraction. Most stimuli are conveyed along nerves. Therefore a little nerve in the heart to act as a telegraph wire between auricle and ventricle was to be expected. Such a thing has been found by physiologists; but, rather than a nerve, it is a specialized sensitive portion of the heart muscle itself. It is a little wisp of tissue not an inch long and only one-twelfth of an inch thick. On this delicate communicating wisp, called the auriculo ventricular bundle, hangs existence itself. Evolution has arranged that it shall be so small and so sheltered in position in the heart that it is rarely damaged even by large injuries to that organ. But if it is severed then the ventricles must stop and life must instantaneously cease.—London Post.

THE POSTOFFICE.

It Seemed to Be Located In a Rather Lonely Place.

A veteran stagecoach driver in Idaho used to tell of an incident that happened when he drove the stage over to Boise City from the Union Pacific line. He had on one trip only a single passenger, a little tenderfoot of a New England schoolma'am going to take charge of a school in that town. She had never before been farther from Boston than the Hudson river. Along about dusk one evening as she sat on the box by the driver and the team wound its way around the shoulder of a bleak mountain a highwayman suddenly stepped into the middle of the road and held up his hand. A cocked rifle rested easily in the hollow of his arm and its muzzle pointed straight at the driver's head. He quickly pulled up.

"Throw over Wells-Fargo's box!" said the man with the gun.

The driver reached down and flung the box into the road; then he started to gather up the reins.

"Hold on!" the other cried impatiently. "Where's the mail bag? Don't you think I want that?"

For reply the driver swiftly kicked it overboard.

"All right," said the man on the ground in affable tone; "you can drive on now."

After half a mile they rolled along in silence, schoolma'am and driver. The former seemed to be in deep study. At last, turning to the driver, she said, "I don't know anything about the west, of course, but that certainly does seem to be an awfully lonesome place to have a postoffice."—Washington Post.

A Useless Implement.

Aunt Ann Arkwright, the bustling spouse of Uncle Joshua Arkwright, proudly showed him a silver implement which a friend had given her as a birthday present. It was shaped something like a spatula, but broadened considerably toward the handle. Uncle Joshua inspected it with some curiosity.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Haven't you any idea?" she said.

"No, not the least in the world."

"Well," said Aunt Ann, "it's a pie knife."

Uncle Joshua picked it up, inspected it critically and laid it down again.

"I haven't any use for it," he said, "as far as I'm concerned. It's too wide. I couldn't eat pie with it 'thout cutting my mouth."—Youth's Companion.

Dyed Articles.

In dyeing at home amateurs often make the mistake of putting the dyed article through the wringer, possibly to avoid staining the hands for one reason or perhaps hoping to dry the garment more quickly. This, however, should never be done, for the creases so formed are most obstinate and, in fact, often only disappear with wear, despite all pressing. Dyed articles should be squeezed from the bath and hung out of doors to dry.

When Cleaning Curtain Hooks.

To clean curtain hooks place them in water in which a little ammonia has been dissolved and leave them for a little while. This will remove both dirt and rust. When wiped with a clean cloth the pins will fasten into the curtain as easily as new ones.

Body braces that were $2, selling for $1, at Green's.

A Christmas Present That Means Something.

There is one especially good thing about a Christmas present of The Youth's Companion. It shows that the giver thought enough of you to give you something worth while.

It is easy to choose something costing a great deal more which is absolutely useless, but to choose a present costing only $1.75 that will provide a long year's entertainment, and the uplifting companionship of the wise and great, is another matter. There is one present, however, which does just that—The Youth's Companion.

If you want to know whether it is appropriate or welcome, just visit the home of some Companion subscriber on Companion day.

Do not choose any Christmas present until you have examined The Companion. We will send you free sample copies and the beautiful Prospectus for 1911, telling something of how The Companion has recently been enlarged and improved.

The one to whom you give the subscription will receive free all the numbers of 1910 issued after the money is received; also The Companion's Art Calendar for 1911, lithographed in twelve colors and gold. These will be sent to reach the subscriber Christmas morning, if desired.

You, too, as giver of the subscription, will receive a copy of the Calendar.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.
New subscriptions received at this office.

If you haven't the time to exercise regularly, Doan's Regulets will prevent constipation. They induce a mild, easy, healthful action of the bowels without griping. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers in the last week:

Harry E. Harper, execr., to Myrtle L. Harper, October 25, 1910, tract land in Rush township; $1.

J. S. Somerville, execr., to James Sawyer, March 29, 1910, tract land in Snow Shoe township; $250.

Harry E. Harper, execr., to Harry E. Harper, October 25, 1910, tract land in Philipsburg; $1.

Jeremiah E. Walker et ux to A. J Hazel, April 1, 1910, tract land in Rebersburg; $1600.

Benjamin Kerstetter et ux to John Bowersox, 17, 1885, tract land in Penn township; $125.

P. H. Stover et ux to John Bowersox, August 17, 1882, tract land in Miles township; $125.

Henry Zeigler to James Delaney August 17, 1910, tract land in Marion township; $1.

Most disfiguring skin eruptions, scrofula, pimples, rashes etc., are due to impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a cleansing blood tonic. Makes you clear eyed, clear-brained, clear-skinned.

Adversity's Compensation.

Richleigh—I wish I were you. Poorleigh—For goodness sake, why? Richleigh—Why, you can have the fun of proposing to every girl you meet and be sure of being refused.—New York Journal.

The road leading to justice is the safest.—Hesiod.

Itching piles provoke profanity, but profanity won't cure them. Doan's Ointment cures itching, bleeding or protruding piles after years of suffering. At any drug store.

A Simple Safeguard For Mothers.

Mrs. D. Gilkeson, 326 Ingles Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, gained wisdom by experience. "My little girl had a severe cold, coughed almost continuously. My sister recommended Foley's Honey and Tar. The first does I gave her relieved the inflammation in her throat and after using only one bottle her throat and lungs were entirely free from inflammation. Since then I always keep a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar in the house. Accept no substitutes. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

BURNS LAMP DRY
WITHOUT MOVING WICK

The *best* oil, also the most economical oil—it costs no more than the tank wagon varieties and it gives not only *better* service but also *more* service—

FAMILY FAVORITE OIL

gives a clear, white, steady flame. Will not char, smoke or smell. Your dealer will serve it from original barrels direct from our refineries.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
INDEPENDENT REFINERS
Pittsburg, Pa.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred Accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

EDW. K. RHOADS

At his yard opposite the P. R. R. Passenger Station, sells only,
BEST QUALITIES
—(OF)—
ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS
COALS

Also, All Linds of
Wood, Grain, Hay, Straw
and Sand.

Superior Screenings for Lime Burning.
Builders and Plasterers' Sand.

TELEPHONE CALLS:
Bell 1312
Commercial 422

The First National Bank, Bellefonte

The things that count in banking are—fair and liberal treatment, honesty, promptness, courtesy, ability and experience. Add to these ample capital and a surplus fund equal to or greater than the capital, and the conditions that go to make a good bank are present. Our large business is proof that many people think this a proper institution in which to do their banking business. Shall we not add you to the number?

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Capital $100,000. Surplus $125,000.

Our Bank Almanacs for 1911 are ready. Ask for one when you come to bank or drop us a card and one will be mailed to you.

Here and There.

Teachers' Institute next week.

Nine days after today until Christmas.

Sheriff Hurley was a Philipsburg visitor on Sunday.

Mrs. Lydia J. Campbell, who lives on the Roopsburg road, is quite ill.

Mrs. L. E. Kidder and Miss Esther Brown, of Boalsburg, were shopping visitors to Bellefonte yesterday.

Harry M. Stere, of Unionville, greeted friends and attended to business matters requiring his attention here on Tuesday.

Captain W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, was a visitor in town yesterday, coming down especially to attend the funeral of the late W. T. Speer.

J. C. Rearick, who lives near Bellefonte, dropped into "The Republican" office a day or two ago and had his name placed on our list of regular readers.

Dominick Panaro, the foreigner recently convicted of murdering Oren Magwire, of Philipsburg, at New Castle, Pa., has filed an application for a new trial.

"Nobody loves a fat man" may be applicable most of the year, but it works the other way on Christmas. Then everybody envies the size of his stocking.

Rev. Mr. Day, the newly elected pastor of the Tyrone Presbyterian church, will preach in the Bellefonte Presbyterian church on Sunday morning and evening, next.

Beginning with January 2 and continuing until March 15, the stores in Bellefonte will close at 6 o'clock in the evening, with the exception of Wednesdays, Saturdays and pay days.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Norris are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a fine boy baby, on Sunday night, last. Grandfather Samuel Rine wears the smile that won't come off.

William Derstine and son, Jesse, spent Sunday at Altoona, visiting, Frank, also a son of William and a Bellefonte boy who is making his mark as an up-to-date department store manager.

A birthday party was last night given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Curt Johnson in honor of the former's father, Joel Johnson, the occasion marking his entering upon his eightieth year.

The Gowland Manufacturing Company plant, at Philipsburg, was slightly damaged by fire on Thursday night of last week. The loss was upward of $1000, fully covered by insurance.

Oregon Land Information Bureau—Guaranteed reliable information regarding Timber, Mines, Farms, and Fruit Lands. Enclose 50 cents. H. E. Young, Grants Pass, Oregon. 12-15-10

S. R. Pringle, of Port Matilda, was a Court visitor last week and before returning home he very kindly called at this office and secured a receipt for his copy of "The Republican" to January 1, 1912.

Conductor Ross Parker, of the Bellefonte Central, was off duty several days, nursing some painful bruises, caused by a hard fall from the passenger train steps, while at State College, one day last week.

Handsome Ira Burkett, of Stormstown, was a visitor in town last week and, from our viewpoint, at least, the best thing he did while here was to have himself enrolled as a regular reader of "The Republican."

Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt was laid up on Sunday with an attack of lumbago. During the morning his pulpit was filled by Rev. Dr. Thomas S. Wilcox, of the Methodist Episcopal church. No service was held in the evening.

Sheriff Hurley announces that he will positively refuse visitors to the jail admission to see Bert Delige and that it will be useless to apply for tickets of admission to the Delige execution, since the same will not be issued.

J. Will Kepler, one of our valued subscribers at Pine Grove Mills, transacted business and greeted his numerous friends in town on Saturday. Before returning home he very kindly advanced his subscription to "The Republican."

A. C. Thomas, of Stormstown, was a pleasant caller at this office a few days ago, his mission being to attend to the subscription to "The Republican" for another member of that well known family, Mrs. G. H. Gates, of Wilkes-Barre.

Mr. and Mrs. David Chambers and James Uzzle, of Snow Shoe, comprised a jolly little party of visitors from Snow Shoe in town on Tuesday. Their mission was to inspect the stores and form some idea of what Santa Claus might be planning to put in his sack on Christmas eve. Mr. Chambers found time for a little call at "The Republican" office.

Jesse Underwood departed on Monday for Harrisburg, which will be his new headquarters since he has been transferred to a position as a Pennsylvania Railroad passenger engine fireman, running between Harrisburg and Williamsport. His many Bellefonte friends are sorry to see him leave town, but all are glad that he is being advanced in his line of work and hope that before long he will receive still another promotion.

Beginning with Saturday, next, the Adams Express Company force here will be greatly enlarged to give prompt attention to the Christmas rush of business. Agent Harry Taylor and his regular assistant, William J. Daley, will be in charge, of course, with four others to help out. Norman Kirk will be in charge of an extra delivery wagon, while Harry Gerberich, Edward Shields and Fred Lane will serve as extra clerks in the office.

Civil Court this week.

Read "The Republican," $1 per year, in advance.

Mrs. A. O. Furst and Mrs. John Curtin entertained on Friday night of last week.

J. L. Holmes, of State College, is in town this week, doing duty as a juror in Court.

George Sunday, the tailor, is installing a clothes pressing machine, which will be the first in use in the town.

County Auditor Robert D. Musser, of Spring Mills, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Ruth, visited in town yesterday.

George B. Stein, aged 19 years, a son of former Burgess and Mrs. J. W. Stein, of Philipsburg, died on Tuesday morning, last.

The Bellefonte Basket Shop will hold their annual Christmas Sale, at Petrikin Hall, December 10th (Saturday) to December 17th.

Miss Florence Deere, of Philadelphia, departed for home yesterday after a ten days' visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Crider.

Rev. Dr. B. C. Connor, of Altoona, presiding elder for the Altoona district, preached in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday, last.

Miss Elizabeth Morris is home from school and will spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Morris, on West Linn Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Topelt and their new boy baby, Richard, are here from Brooklyn and will remain over Christmas at the home of Richard's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Brouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dagget on Monday returned from their wedding tour and are now located at the Bush House. It is their intention to live at the Bush House for a short time and then go to housekeeping.

Mrs. John Hinman Gibson, with her little daughter, of Rutherford, New Jersey, and Miss Margaret Cook, of Wellesley, arrived here today and will spend the Christmas holidays at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook, of West Linn Street.

Albert Schenck, his grandson, Albert Coder, and also John Schenck, of Howard, were business visitors to town yesterday. John Schenck has not been very well since the very sad death of his wife about the middle of last month.

Just to make sure that we would get our money's worth before the government reduces the size of bank notes, Irvin J. Dreese, of Lemont, a few days ago handed us a crisp one dollar bill. He thus makes sure that he will know everything "The Republican" has to say regarding his Democratic party during the year to come.

Owen Underwood, of Unionville, was in town this week attending Court as a juror. Since he had to be a juror he is very glad that he was called for the second week session and not for last week, when the Delige case was on trial. Mr. Underwood is one of our regular readers and yesterday he dropped into the office to advance his subscription to "The Republican."

Lawyer J. C. Meyer is confined to his home by illness which for a time it was feared might develop pneumonia. He had been working very hard in Court and on Tuesday he caught cold. On Tuesday night he attended the annual election and banquet of the Masons and while returning home he became ill. A physician was called in and advised that he remain in bed for a few days.

C. H. Gramley, of Rebersburg, was a Bellefonte visitor on Monday, finding time to transact business and also call on friends. During the afternoon Mr. Gramley was a caller at "The Republican" office. Departing for Rebersburg over the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania is a route not adopted by most persons, but that is what Mr. Gramley did on Monday evening. He traveled by train as far as Huston, where he met Mrs. Gramley, who had spent the day there with her sister, and that night they drove over the mountain to their home.

A Good Show.

"The Wolf," at Garman's Opera House, on Monday night, last, was one of the best attractions witnessed by a Bellefonte audience in a long time. The company was an especially strong one, comparing favorably with some of the very best in the larger cities. The story of "The Wolf" is anything but bright and cheerful and presented by any but a company such as appeared here would be a complete disappointment. As presented at Garman's Opera House it was a strong, intensely interesting drama. The attendance was fair but was not as large as should be the case when an attraction of the standard of "The Wolf" is presented in Bellefonte.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte post office for the last week: Mrs. John Brown, Miss Laura Dennitt, Secretary F. O. Eagles, Mrs. Annie Flora, Peter Corksy, Evaline M. Guenther, Mrs. Davis Gummo, Mrs. Lucas, mother of B. K. Lucas, Foreign—Harry Pesensheff, Antonio Consiglio, Eupklio Cornatore. Persons calling for these letters will kindly explain to the postmaster that the same have been advertised in "The Republican."

To Sentence Delige.

(continued from first page)

over, even though the result marked but the beginning of the end for him. Could he have had his own way in the matter Delige would have gone upon the stand and quickly told his side of the case, admitting everything. However, according to the counsel for the prosecution, as well as for the defense, a trial was necessary. As explained by the lawyers in the case, under the law the disposal of a man's life cannot be left within his own hands. It was, therefore, necessary for the Commonwealth to first show that a murder had been committed and place the crime upon Delige. His confession alone, eliminating the feature of motive, would not have been sufficient to convict him of murder in the first degree.

During the three days the trial was in progress a large number of jurors were examined and after the taking of evidence was begun thirty-six witnesses were placed on the stand. The arguments of the opposing counsel and Judge Orvis' charge to the jury occupied the entire afternoon on Saturday. It was apparent to all that in the closing hours of the trial the burden of the case for the Commonwealth was in the hands of N. B. Spangler, who assisted District Attorney Runkle. With little or no ground upon which to stand E. R. Chambers and W. D Zerby, the counsel for Delige, handled the interests of the prisoner remarkably well. They neglected nothing in handling his case and saw to it that his rights were protected. It was a matter of gratification to the friends of Mr. Chambers that he was able to finish the case. Because of his weakened physical condition many persons feared that he might be compelled to withdraw before the trial was over. He not only was able to remain in the case to the finish, but by sheer will power mustered the necessary strength to make the argument to the jury in behalf of the prisoner. The charge to the jury by Judge Orvis was regarded as absolutely fair and impartial.

High Court Appointments.

President Taft, on Monday, last, sent the following appointments to the Senate:

To be Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Associate Justice Edward Douglass White, of Louisiana.

To be Associate Justices, United States Supreme Court, Judge Willis Vandevanter, of Wyoming, and Judge Joseph Rucker Lamar, of Georgia.

To be Judges of the new Court of Commerce:

Martin A. Knapp, now chairman of the interstate Commerce Commission, for a term of five years.

Robert W. Archbald, now United States District Judge for the Middle district of Pennsylvania, term of four years.

William H. Hunt, now a Judge of the Court of Customs Appeals, formerly United States District Judge of the District of Montana, term of three years.

John Emmett Carland, of South Dakota, term of two years.

Julian W. Mack, now Judge in the Appeliate Circuit Court of the First Illinois district, term of one year.

To be members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, B. H. Meyer, of Wisconsin, and C. C. McChord, of Kentucky.

Mr. White, the new Chief Justice, is a Democrat. His appointment was a surprise. It was the only one of the number taken up by the Senate for confirmation.

Rescue Car Demonstrated.

The mine rescue car, which is being sent around the country under the auspices of the Bureau of Mines at Washington, D. C., visited State College last Friday, and put in a busy day giving instructions to the students of the Department of Mining Engineering.

The Pennsylvania State School of Mining Engineering now numbers over 115 students, the largest school of this nature in the state, and the entire day was consumed in lecturing the different sections in mine rescue work. Among the many new appliances exhibited the oxygen helmet and the oxygen reviving machines attracted the most attention. This newly invented helmet enables rescuers to enter the mines filled with unbreathable gases without having air pumped to them through pipes from the outside.

The other contrivances also employ oxygen to revive men who have been overcome and often thought dead by the suffocating gases of mine explosions. The government officials laid special stress on effective first aid to the injured work.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Earle C. Tuten has issued the following marriage licenses in the last week:

John B. Rossman,	Mingoville
Minnie E. Aikey,	Bellefonte
William H. Breon,	State College
Sarah R. Scholl,	Spring Mills

28th. Child.

Mr. and Mrs. Jason Benner, of New Castle, Indiana, are receiving congratulations on the birth of their twenty-eighth child, the latest addition to the family arriving yesterday. Of this remarkable family twenty-one children are living. Benner is but 49 years old and his wife is four years younger.

Here's a Good Christmas Suggestion

Buy a $5,000 life insurance policy in favor of your wife and give it to her for a Christmas Present. She will appreciate it as being a real and substantial gift. How about the premiums each year? Simply pay them and give your wife the renewal receipts as her presents each Christmas. This is the only way by which you can give her a $5,000 estate at a cost which willcome within the means of a great many. If you actNOW, we can get the policy in time for Xmas. I will be glad to give you figures.

The Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

OF DEMOINES, IA.,

JAMES I. THOMPSON,
GENERAL AGENT,
LEMONT, PENNA.

Only 9 More SHOPPING DAYS Until Christmas

Let us help you, our stock has been purchased with this idea in view.

GLOVES are a standard gift for everyone.

Umbrellas are always welcome. Sweaters, House-Coats and Bathrobes add to ones comfort.

Who would not appreciate a fine Suit Case or Hand-Bag.

And for practical gifts for a small amount of money what could be better than Hosiery, Underwear Handkerchiefs or Neckwear.

Montgomery & Co.